MYSTIC

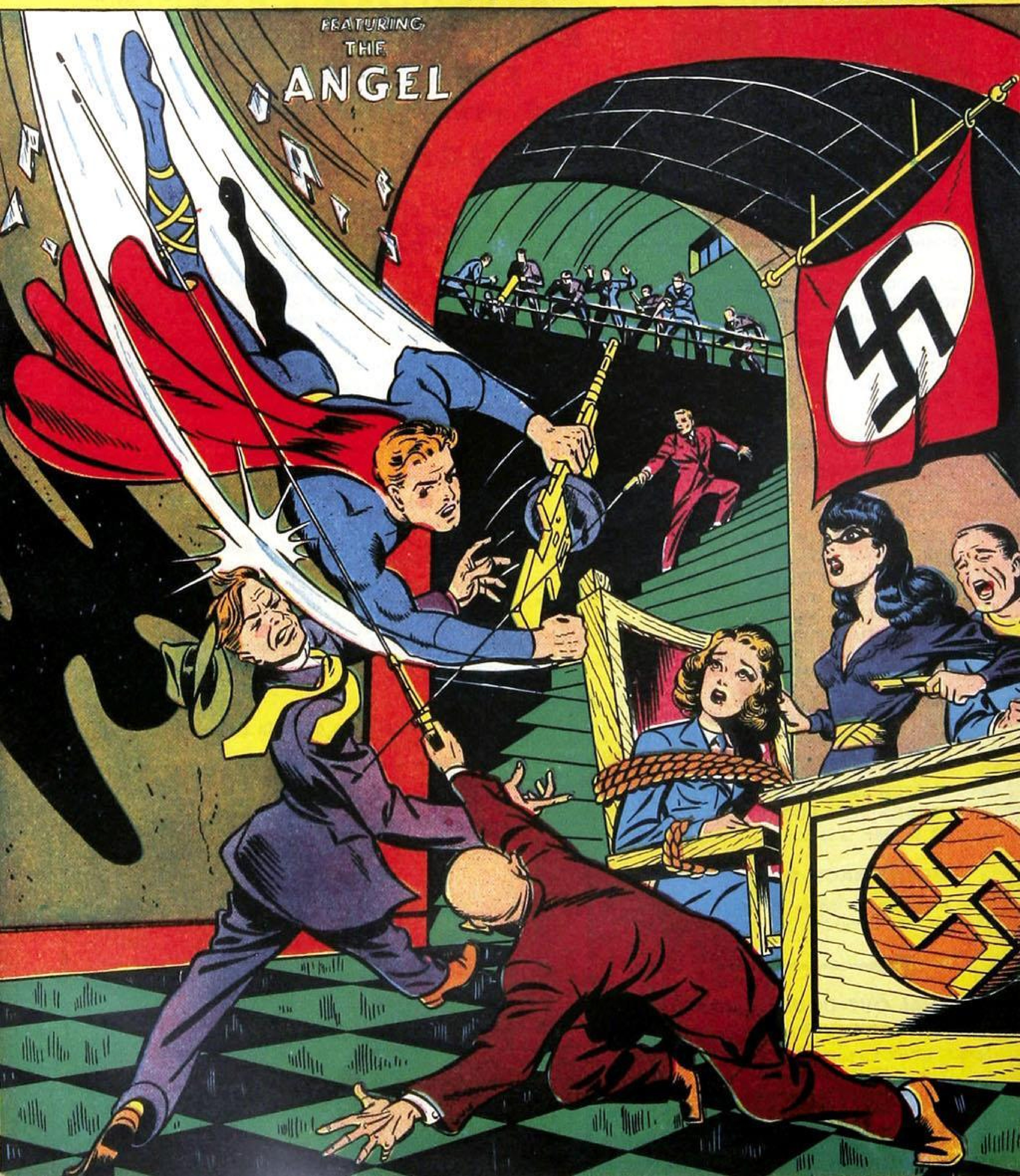
NO. 1

COMICS

10¢

OCTOBER at

15c IN CANADA


FEATURING
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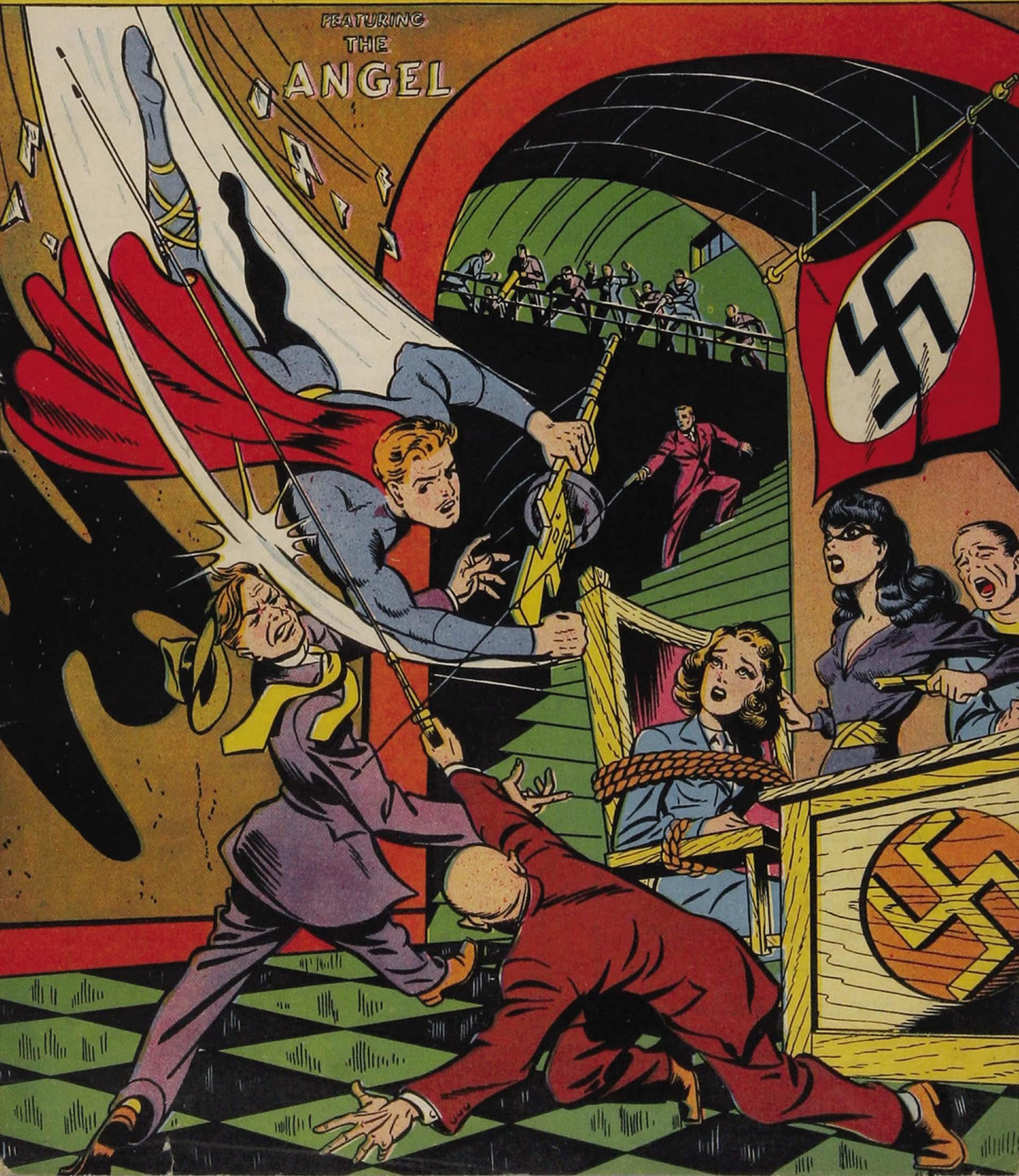
FEATURING
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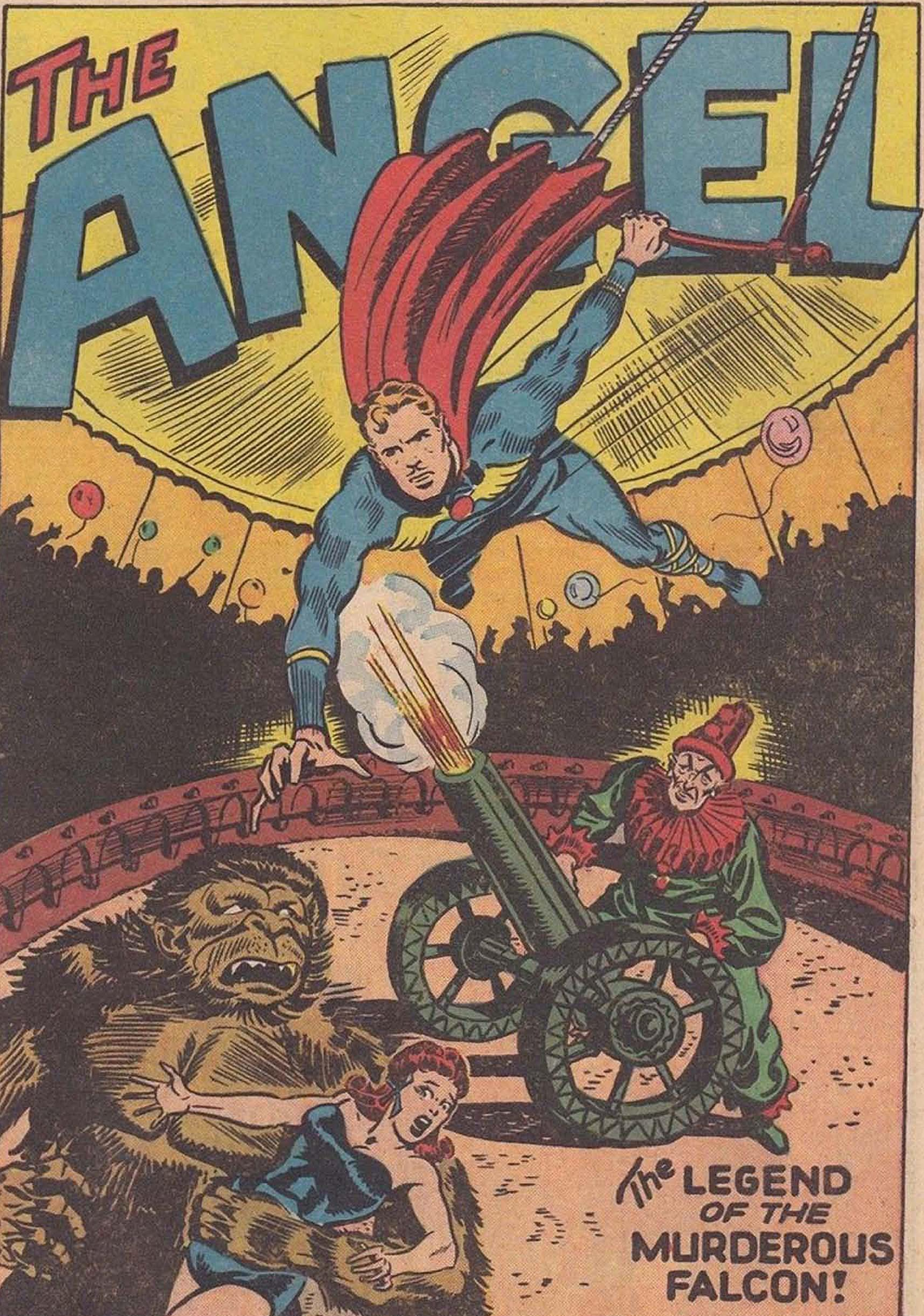

THE ANGEL
The LEGEND OF THE MURDEROUS FALCON!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS..
THIS PERFORMANCE, LADEEZ AN GENTLEMEN, WILL BE GIVEN IN HONOR OF OUR GUESTS -- AMERICAN SOLDIERS WOUNDED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE!
YIPPEE FOR THE YANKS!
THREE CHEERS FOR THE BOYS!
HOORAY!
YIPPEE!
THERE THEY ARE!
SEATED IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE TENT IS A FAMILIAR FIGURE.. THE ANGEL!
THOSE BOYS DESERVE A GOOD RECEPTION!
AS THE CROWDS ROAR, THE STAR AERIAL PERFORMER OF THE SHOW DONS A STRANGE COSTUME IN HIS TENT!
THE FLYING FALCON SOON WILL CHANGE THOSE CHEERS TO SCREAMS!
FLYING FALCON
FLY FA
THIS PRETTY LITTLE THING WILL BLAST THEM ALL TO KINGDOM COME!
FLYING FALC
NOW TO LOAD THIS CANNON WITH A REAL SHELL!
AND WHO CAN GUESS THAT THE THIRTEENTH CLOWN IS THE GREAT FLYING FALCON! HAH! MY PLAN IS PERFECT!
NG ON
HERE COMES THE PARADE OF CLOWNS! I WILL JOIN THEM AS THEY PASS HERE!

BOYS AND GIRLS--MEET YOUR OLD FRIENDS--- THE CLOWNS!
DOWN WITH ME. I'M TOO TALL!
I ALWAYS LIKE THE CLOWNS BEST OF ALL!
HEY, JOE-- LOOK AT THE POP GUN!
I'LL BET THIS IS GOING TO BE FUNNY!
HOW NICE -- THEY'RE GOING TO FIRE A SALUTE FOR THE BOYS!
WHERE'S YOUR FOX HOLE, SARGE!
HA! HA!
I WONDER HOW THOSE BOYS STILL HAVE THE COURAGE TO JOKE-- SAY-- THAT CANNON LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING!
THE CANNON IS FIRED AND, IN AN INSTANT, THE FALSE CLOWN'S PROPHECY COMES TRUE! LAUGHTER AND CHEERS TURN INTO WILD AND ANGUISHED SCREAMS AS THE BIG TOP BECOMES A SCENE OF HORROR AND DESTRUCTION!

THE FLYING FALCON LOSES HIMSELF AMONG THE TERROR STRICKEN CROWD AND HURRIES BACK TO HIS DRESSING ROOM!
PERFECT – ABSOLUTELY PERFECT! HIMMLER HIMSELF, COULD NOT HAVE DONE BETTER! NOW, I MUST HURRY FOR MY OWN ACT - - NO ONE WILL FIND THIS SUIT HERE!
FLYING FALCON
BUT, THE FLYING FALCON HAS FIGURED WITHOUT THE ANGEL!
I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT CLOWN!
SAY - - DID YOU SEE A CLOWN RUNNING PAST HERE? HE HAD ON A RED AND GREEN OUTFIT!
WHAT? NO - - I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE! I'M TRYING TO GET READY FOR MY ACT!
GUESS I LOST HIM! WELL, I'LL GO BACK AND HELP!
FLYING FALCON
I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANYONE COULD BE SO HEARTLESS - - THESE LADS HAVE HAD MORE THAN THEIR SHARE OF SUFFERING!
DO YOU THINK IT WAS DONE PURPOSELY?
AND, BACK IN HIS TENT - -
WHAT A PREMIERE PERFORMANCE! THIS WILL DO MORE TO SHATTER AMERICAN MORALE THAN A HUNDRED BATTLES!
4

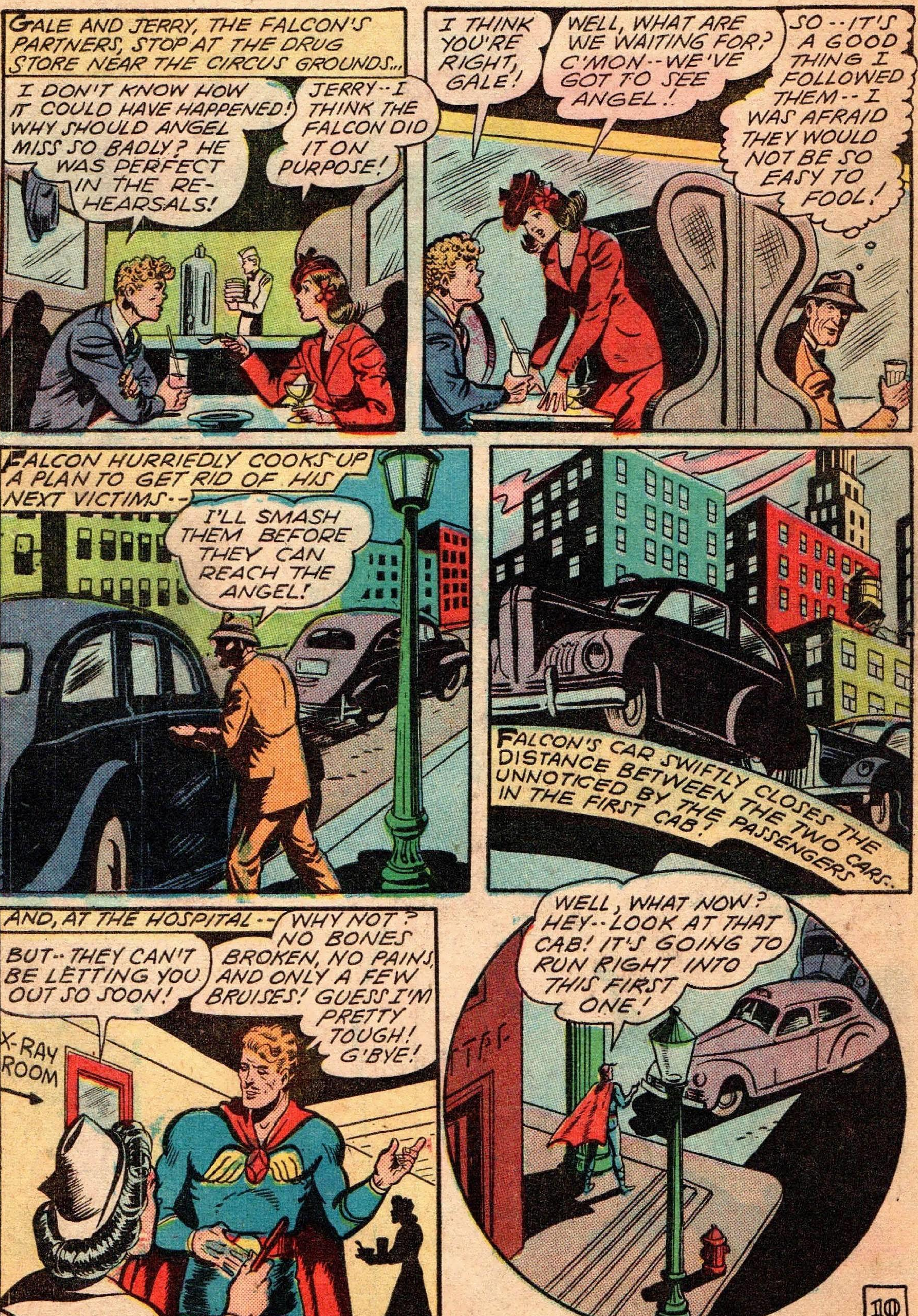
REPORTERS BESIEGE THE OFFICE OF P.T. MUNRAB, OWNER OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS.
WHO DID IT? HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
WHICH CLOWN WAS IT?
PLEASE-- I DON'T KNOW!
WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?
MR. MUNRAB FINALLY MANAGES TO ESCAPE FROM HIS OFFICE BUT--
ALONE AT LA... ER-(GULP) THE ANGEL!
HELLO, MUNRAB!
ANGEL, I SWEAR I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT! WE ALL THOUGHT ONE OF THE TWELVE CLOWNS HAD PICKED UP A NEW ACT AND ...
WAIT! DID YOU SAY TWELVE CLOWNS?
YES--WHY? IS THERE SOMETHING...
I COUNTED THIRTEEN CLOWNS--I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT EXTRA MAN!
PRIVATE
MATI HARA
TOTO
FLYIN FALCO
MEANTIME, THE CLOWNS HOLD A MEETING . . .
WE'RE ALL UNDER SUSPICION!
WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR OURSELVES!
BUT, WHO WAS THAT OTHER GUY?
I HAVE AN IDEA WHO MIGHT HAVE DONE IT-- WAIT HERE-- I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!
I'M CERTAIN THAT CLOWN WAS WEARING AN ACROBAT'S SHOES-- BUT I'VE GOT TO BE SURE BEFORE I ACCUSE ANYONE!
FLYING FALCON

THE CLOWN INVESTIGATES.
AH--SON OF SATAN! HERE'S THE SUIT HE WORE!
THAT CLOWN-- HOW DID HE KNOW?
YOU MAY KNOW MY SECRET BUT YOU'LL NEVER TELL!
UH-OH!
I MUST GET HIM OUT OF MY TENT QUICKLY!
LYING
LCON
MINUTES LATER--
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO HORRIBLE! THOSE POOR SOLDIERS...
BUT, HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED? SURELY IT WASN'T DONE ON PURPOSE!
WHA-- YIIIIIII!
OHH--GRACE! LOOK!
ANGEL HEARS THE SCREAM--
WHAT NOW?
HURRY!
IT'S OLD JOE-- HE SAID HE KNEW WHO THE MURDERER WAS!
WELL, WE KNOW ONE THING-- WHOEVER DID IT MUST BE ONE OF YOUR TROUPE IF OLD JOE COULD SPOT HIM!
HE'LL NEVER TELL NOW!
ANGEL IS RIGHT!

I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR PERFORMERS, MUNRAB!
LET ME--I'M THE FLYING FALCON! THESE CHARMING YOUNG PEOPLE ARE MY PARTNERS--GALE AND JERRY!
OF COURSE, ANGEL, WE ALL WANT TO HELP!
THANKS!
ANGEL--WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE TROUPE--WORK WITH THE FALCON'S ACT?
WELL, IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA, MUNRAB--IF I WOULDN'T MESS UP THE ACT!
NOT AT ALL--COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU OUR ROUTINE!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER--
LOOK AT THE ANGEL!
NATURAL!
WHY..HE'S GOOD AS FALCON ALREADY!
SO..THEY THINK ANGEL CAN STEAL THE SHOW FROM ME--WAIT UNTIL THE FIRST PERFORMANCE!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT--
LADEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN--OUR GRAND FINALE! THE FLYING FALCON WILL COMPLETE FOUR BACKWARD SOMERSAULTS IN MID-AIR---

FALCON SWINGS AND WHIRLS INTO THE AIR TO THE ROLLING CRESCENDO OF THE DRUMS--
LOOK--HE'S FALLING!
EEK!
FALCON FALLS INTO THE NET STRETCHED BELOW...
WHEW! HE SCARED ME!
AW--IT'S ONLY A PART OF THE ACT!
THAT SETS THE STAGE--NOW TO COMPLETE THE ACT!
AS FALCON SWINGS DOWN THE GUY-ROPE, HIS HAND LASHES OUT SWIFTLY--A SHARP KNIFE HELD TIGHTLY IN HIS GRIP--
THERE--THE WEIGHT OF THE NEXT PERSON TO LAND ON THAT NET WILL COLLAPSE IT!
TOUGH BREAK, FALCON--I FEEL IT'S MY FAULT! I TIRED YOU OUT THIS AFTERNOON TEACHING ME THE ROUTINE!
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO IT AGAIN--GAVE MY BACK A WRENCH...
I HATE TO LET THAT CROWD DOWN--DO YOU THINK YOU COULD DO IT, ANGEL--IF I CAUGHT YOU?
WHO? ME? WHY, OKAY--I'LL TRY ANYTHING--AFTER ALL, THE NET IS THERE!
FALCON MAKES THE ANNOUNCEMENT--
A NEW STAR WILL TRY MY ACT--YOU ALL KNOW OF HIM... YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF HIM--THE ANGEL!
ANGEL! OH, THIS SHOULD BE GOOD!
WHAT'S HE DOING IN A CIRCUS?
YIPPEE!
8

ANGEL HURLS THROUGH THE AIR IN THE QUADRUPLE SOMERSAULT-- BUT AS HE COMPLETES THE ACT AND SWINGS FOR THE FALCON'S OUTSTRETCHED HANDS--
LOOK AT THAT!
GEE--HE'S WONDERFUL!
HURRY-- I'M GOING TO SLIP!
THE FALCON SWINGS A LOOSE TRAPEZE WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON ANGEL AND---
ANGEL HURTLES DOWN INTO THE NET--
WOW-- WHAT A CRACK HE GOT!
HE MISSED!
BUT--
AYEEE! THE NET IS FALLING!
HE'LL BE KILLED!
OHHHH!
SECONDS LATER, ANGEL'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY IS RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL--
PRETTY BAD FALL, EH, KEN?
GOSH--I DON'T KNOW HOW HE LIVED THROUGH IT!
OHH--HOW AWFUL! EVERYTHING IS GOING WRONG! WE'RE JINXED!
HA! HA! EVERYTHING IS GOING RIGHT! JUST AS I PLANNED!


GALE AND JERRY, THE FALCON'S PARTNERS, STOP AT THE DRUG STORE NEAR THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED! WHY SHOULD ANGEL MISS SO BADLY? HE WAS PERFECT IN THE REHEARSALS!
JERRY--I THINK THE FALCON DID IT ON PURPOSE!
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, GALE!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? C'MON--WE'VE GOT TO SEE ANGEL!
SO--IT'S A GOOD THING I FOLLOWED THEM--I WAS AFRAID THEY WOULD NOT BE SO EASY TO FOOL!
FALCON HURRIEDLY COOKS UP A PLAN TO GET RID OF HIS NEXT VICTIMS--
I'LL SMASH THEM BEFORE THEY CAN REACH THE ANGEL!
FALCON'S CAR SWIFTLY CLOSES THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TWO CARS UNNOTICED BY THE PASSENGERS IN THE FIRST CAB!
AND, AT THE HOSPITAL--
BUT--THEY CAN'T BE LETTING YOU OUT SO SOON!
WHY NOT? NO BONES BROKEN, NO PAINS, AND ONLY A FEW BRUISES! GUESS I'M PRETTY TOUGH! G'BYE!
X-RAY ROOM
WELL, WHAT NOW? HEY--LOOK AT THAT CAB! IT'S GOING TO RUN RIGHT INTO THIS FIRST ONE!

STILL A LITTLE SHAKY FROM HIS EARLIER EXPERIENCE, ANGEL RACES TO AVERT A NEW TRAGEDY - -
THIS IS NO ACCIDENT!
BUT HE IS TOO LATE!
WOW!
HA! HA!
CRASH!
ANGEL - - HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
NEVER MIND ABOUT ME - - WE'VE GOT TO GET GALE INTO THE HOSPITAL!
OH - - I'M ALL RIGHT!
JERRY - - SEE ABOUT GALE - - THERE'S THE GUY WHO WAS DRIVING THE OTHER CAR - - I'M GOING TO GET HIM!
THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY - - BESIDES, HE WAS LIMPING...
HE CAN'T GO FAR WITH A BAD LEG - - OR FAST!
FOOL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER!
I MUST GET BACK TO THE CIRCUS - - THEY'LL BE MOVING ON TONIGHT! I CAN KILL THEM ALL ON THE TRAIN!

FRUSTRATED--ANGEL, GALE AND JERRY RETURN TO THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...
SO, THAT'S WHY JERRY AND I FEEL THE FALCON IS RESPONSIBLE!
BUT WE STILL HAVE NO PROOF!
WELL, GUESS WE'D BETTER START PACKING!
OH, HELLO.. I STARTED PACKING YOUR STUFF, KIDS--THOUGHT YOU'D BE LEFT BEHIND! WHERE WERE YOU?
UH--WE WENT TO GET ANGEL, FALCON!
SEE YOU ON THE TRAIN! YOU'D BETTER HURRY!
HMM------ THE FALCON IS LIMPING NOW... SO WAS THE DRIVER OF THAT MURDER CAB!
YEAH--SURE!
WITHIN AN HOUR, THE BIG CIRCUS CARS START TO ROLL THROUGH THE NIGHT TO THEIR NEXT STAND!
INSIDE...
WELL, MR. MUNRAB..THE KILLER IS ON THIS TRAIN--I'LL HAVE HIM BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!
WHAT? ARE YOU SURE, ANGEL?
CERTAINLY---GALE IS LOOKING NOW FOR PROOF! I BELIEVE SHE'LL FIND IT!
VARIETY
NOW WHAT COULD THAT GIRL BE LOOKING FOR? I KNOW SHE SUSPECTS ME BUT--I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE SHE SHE DOESN'T TALK!
ARIETY

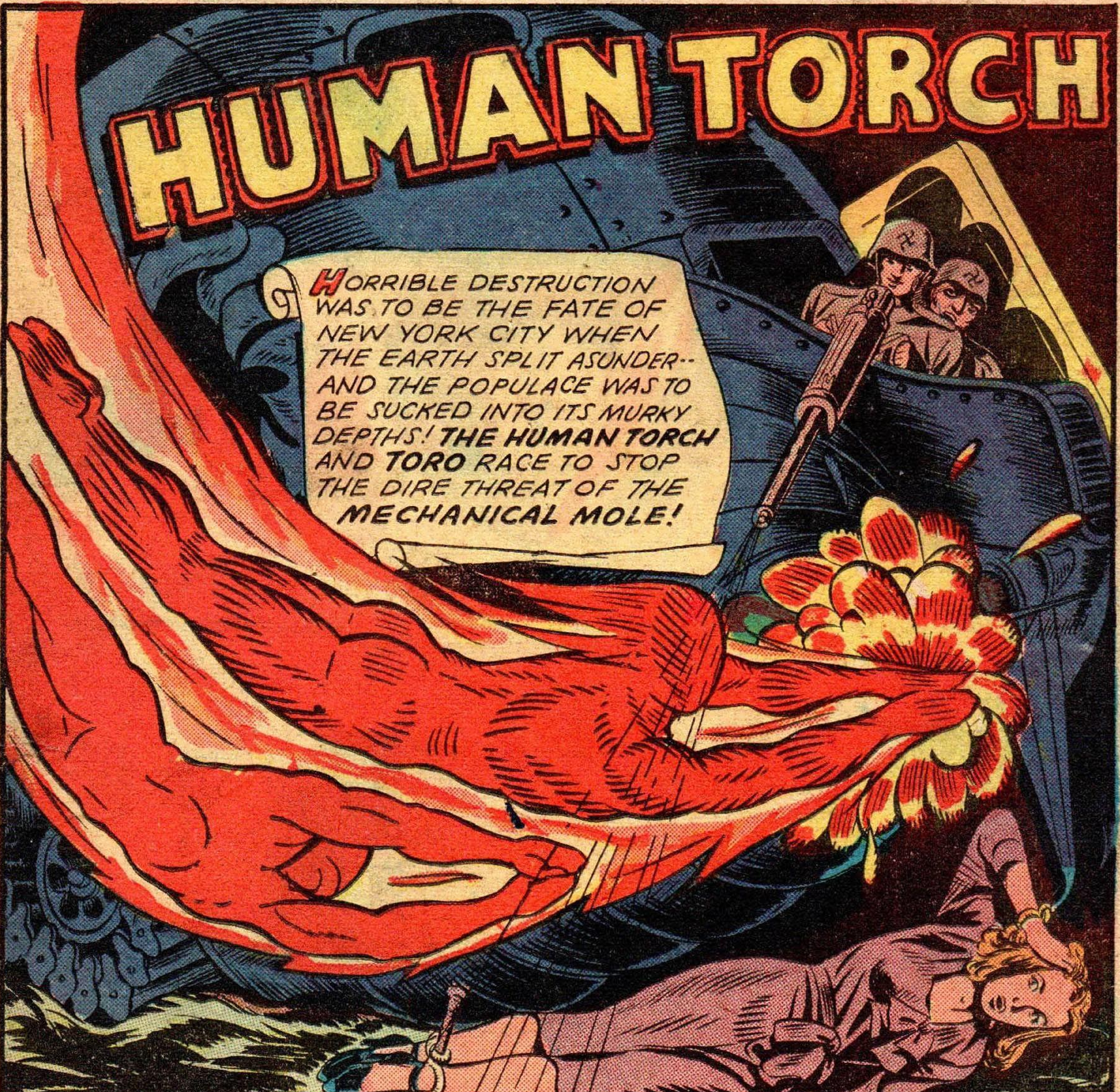
FALCON CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY TO GALE'S COMPARTMENT--
AH! SHE'S ALONE--
BUT-- DON'T YOU KNOCK WHEN YOU ENTER A LADY'S ROOM?
ANGEL!
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT THAT DANGEROUS PLAYTHING, FALCON!
OW!
I'LL DIE BEFORE I LET YOU TAKE ME!
THE SLIPPERY---- HE'S CRAZY...
BUT, ON SECOND THOUGHT-- A GUY LIKE THAT DOESN'T COMMIT SUICIDE! AFTER ALL, HE'S AN ACCOMPLISHED ACROBAT--
PULLM
HMM-- JUST AS I THOUGHT-- THERE HE IS RUNNING ALONG THE ROOF OF THE CARS!
ANGEL PURSUES THE FALCON ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN!
ONE THING'S SURE-- THE ENGINE IS THE LAST STOP FOR THAT ESCAPE ARTIST!

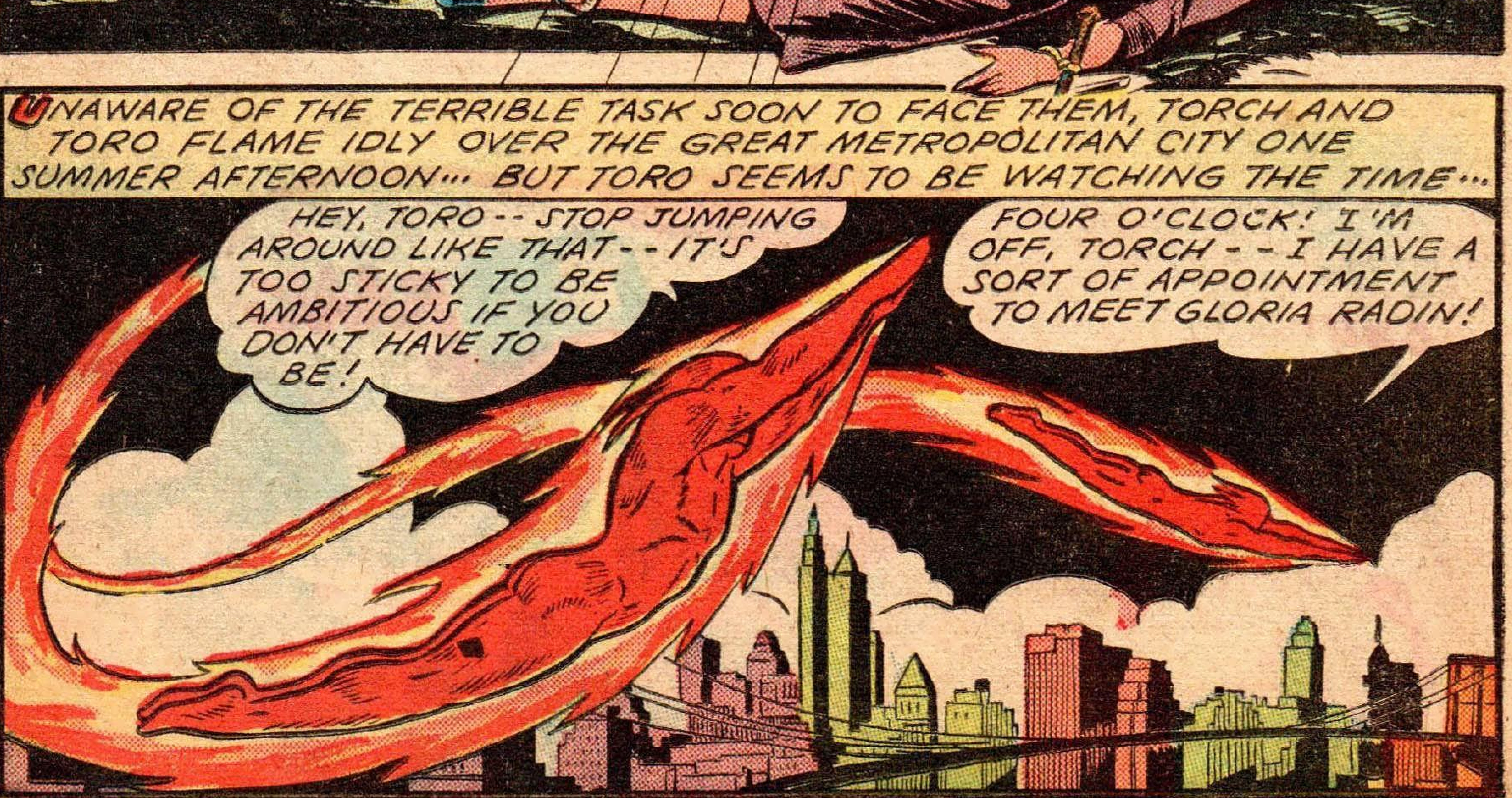
FALCON LEAPS INTO THE COAL CAR --
THIS TIME I SHALL STOP ANGEL ONCE AND FOR ALL!
THERN
ANGEL RACES RIGHT INTO TROUBLE ----
THAT ENDS YOUR CAREER, ANGEL -- AND SAVES MINE! HA!
BUT, AS ANGEL TOPPLES OVERBOARD --
HEY, MAC, LOOK! WE'VE GOT A GUEST!
HEY, YOU-- GET DOWN OUT OF THERE!
I WONDER HOW MUCH THEY HAVE SEEN? WELL, I CAN TAKE NO CHANCES!
NORTHERN
I WILL GET RID OF YOU, TOO!
LOOK OUT-- HE'S CRAZY!
AS THE FALCON FINISHES OFF HIS TWO NEWEST VICTIMS, THE TRAIN ROARS PAST A STOP SIGNAL TOWARD AN OPEN SWITCH!
MEANWHILE-- ANGEL MIRACULOUSLY BREAKS HIS FALL BY GRABBING A SIDE LADDER --
I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...
A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE SPEEDING TRAIN PLOWS INTO THE OPEN SWITCH AND --

THE CRASH THROWS THE ANGEL CLEAR AS THE FALCON JUMPS --
WHEW -- WHAT A JOURNEY! WHO'S THA---- THE FALCON!
HE WON'T GET FAR THIS TIME --! I'LL MAKE THIS THE LAST ACT OF HIS LIFE!
BUT --
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES -- GIGANTICA IS LOOSE!
ANGEL DOES NOT HEED THE WARNING BUT CONTINUES HIS CHASE - - -
OKAY, FALCON, YOUR GAME IS UP -- NOW, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
I AM AN AGENT OF THE THIRD REICH -- IF I HAVE HELPED TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF THE FEUHRER, I AM HAPPY!
THEN, A GREAT, GRIZZLY FIGURE RISES OUT OF THE SHADOWS...
LOOK -- IT'S GIGANTICA!
HELP!
THE IRON FINGERS OF THE TREMENDOUS BEAST SWIFTLY STRANGLE ALL LIFE FROM THE FALCON!
YEOW -- THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP THE FALCON!

A GRIM RACE BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST -- LIFE AND DEATH!
BUT I MUST SAVE THE OTHERS!
THIS IS ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION - - BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE!
ANGEL SOMERSAULTS AS THE GREAT BEAST LEAPS FOR HIM..
AND THE ESCAPED GORILLA HURTLES OVER THE PRECIPICE!
WHEW!
WOW! THAT WAS ABOUT THE CLOSEST CALL I'VE EVER HAD!
ANGEL RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK--
FORTUNATELY NO ONE HAS BEEN INJURED BUT THE GORILLA HAS..
HE'S DEAD -- SO IS THE MURDERER!
THERE GOES THE ANGEL -- GOSH, I WISH I COULD HAVE PERSUADED HIM TO TAKE THE LEAD IN MY AERIAL ACT!
HIS WORK COMPLETED--ANGEL LEAVES TO SEEK OTHERS WHO MAY NEED HIS HELP - - -

HUMAN TORCH


HORRIBLE DESTRUCTION WAS TO BE THE FATE OF NEW YORK CITY WHEN THE EARTH SPLIT ASUNDER-- AND THE POPULACE WAS TO BE SUCKED INTO ITS MURKY DEPTHS! **THE HUMAN TORCH** AND **TORO** RACE TO STOP THE DIRE THREAT OF THE **MECHANICAL MOLE!**


UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE TASK SOON TO FACE THEM, TORCH AND TORO FLAME IDLY OVER THE GREAT METROPOLITAN CITY ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON... BUT TORO SEEMS TO BE WATCHING THE TIME...
HEY, TORO -- STOP JUMPING AROUND LIKE THAT -- IT'S TOO STICKY TO BE AMBITIOUS IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE!
FOUR O'CLOCK! I'M OFF, TORCH -- I HAVE A SORT OF APPOINTMENT TO MEET GLORIA RADIN!

PROFESSOR RADIN'S DAUGHTER? HE'S A GRAND PERSON -- OK, BUT DON'T FORGET TO MEET ME LATER!
I WON'T -- THE D.A'S OFFICE AT 6.30!
SECONDS LATER, TORO FLAMES DOWN ON THE LAWN OF THE RADIN HOME IN LONG ISLAND.
HELLO, GLORIA.. SORRY I'M A LITTLE LATE!
HI, TORO -- DOUSE YOUR FLAME AND COME IN! DADDY WANTS TO SEE YOU!
UH-OH -- DID I DO SOMETHING, PROFESSOR? SPOIL AN EXPERIMENT FOR YOU?
OH, ITS NOTHING LIKE THAT -- IS IT, DADDY?
NO -- TORO, COME LOOK AT THIS!
I WANTED YOU TO SEE THIS! IF YOU THINK IT'S IMPORTANT, YOU CAN TELL TORCH. UNUSUAL EARTH TREMORS HAVE BEEN ACTIVATING MY GRAPH -- HERE'S THE CHARTING!
WOW -- THAT NEEDLE'S JUMPING A MILE A MINUTE!
MEANWHILE, THE HUMAN TORCH IS THREADING HIS WAY ABOVE THE CITY STREETS...
TIMES SQUARE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE OLD DAYS.. WELL, WE'LL HAVE 'EM BACK SOON!
Paramount
PEANUTS
Coca Cola
CLARIDGE
BUT, TORCH IS JUST IN TIME TO SEE SUDDEN, UNPARRALELLED CATASTROPHE YAWN BELOW HIM --
FLAMING FIRES -- THE STREET'S CAVED IN!
YAGHH!
AHHH!
HELP!
BANG!
UGHHR!

TORCH FLAMES INTO THE DEEP CRATER AFTER THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS!
THOSE POOR PEOPLE COULDN'T LIVE THROUGH THAT DROP! WHAT A HOLE!
I'LL GO DOWN AN ... ODD! WHAT ARE THOSE MARKS ON THE SIDE OF THE EARTH? THEY LOOK LIKE MACHINE TRACKS! GOOD GOSH!
TORCH CONFIRMS HIS SUSPICIONS AND, USING HIS FLAME TO HOLLOW A PASSAGE, BURNS THROUGH THE EARTH!
WHOEVER DID THIS MUST HAVE BORED FROM UNDERNEATH-- AND RETURNED THE SAME WAY! AH -- THE GROUND SEEMS SOFTER HERE!
SUDDENLY, TORCH BREAKS THROUGH INTO A FRESHLY BORED TUNNEL.
WELL --GOOD GOSH! THEY FILLED A FEW YARDS OF THE TUNNEL TO COVER THEIR TRACKS!
SWIFTLY FLAMING THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, TORCH OVERTAKES A STRANGE MACHINE!
THE SWASTIKA! SO THIS IS A NAZI TRICK! AND WHAT A TRICK-- JUST LOOK AT THAT MECHANICAL MOLE!
SUDDENLY -AS TORCH RECONNOITERS ---
UH-OH -- THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! WELL, I CAN RETURN FIRE WITH FIRE!
RA-TAT-TAT-
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

TORCH UNEXPECTEDLY DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE EARTH TO ONE SIDE OF THE TUNNEL...
I'LL COME UP WHERE THOSE NAZIS LEAST EXPECT ME-- OR WANT ME!
RAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT!
SECONDS LATER-- IN THE MOLE!
HA! SO YOU THOUGHT I'D RUN AWAY FROM YOUR PUNY BULLETS, EH?
YAHH--IT ISS DER HUMAN TORCH!
WHEN I GET FINISHED WITH THIS CONTRAPTION, BOYS--IT WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL!
QUICK--GIFF ME DER HOSE! ACHTUNG!
ACH--DER FLAME! I BURN!
IT ISS LUCKY DAT VE HAFF DIS TO COOL OFF DER MOLE! NOW VE USE IT ON DER TORCH!
I TURN IT ON!
THE TERRIFIC STREAM OF WATER, FORCED OUT UNDER HIGH PRESSURE, TAKES TORCH UNAWARES!
WHA--UHH!
HA! EFFEN DER TORCH CANNOT TAKE VUN THOUSAND POUNDS OF PRESSURE DIRECT! SEE!
TORCH, HAVING TAKEN THE BLAST FULL IN HIS FACE, DROPS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR.
HA--DER TORCH ISS DEAD--I HOPE! GO LOOK!
HERR KAPITAN, HE MUST BE DEAD--DER PRESSURE VOULD CUT ANY HUMAN IN TWO!

BACK IN PROFESSOR RADIN'S HOME...
DO YOU SUPPOSE THOSE EARTH TREMORS COULD BE CAUSED BY HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRE ON PRACTICE RANGE SOMEPLACE?
I DON'T KNOW, TORO.--THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE YET--WELL, LET'S HAVE SOME MUSIC!
...WITHOUT WARNING THE HUGE CRATER ENGULFED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE! POLICE HAVE ROPED OFF THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND THE ARMY...
GOOD HEAVENS!
HOLY SMOKE! I'D BETTER GET OVER THERE!
TORO FLAMES IMMEDIATELY AND HEADS FOR THE SCENE OF DISASTER..
GLORIA, TELL YOUR DAD THAT THIS MAY GIVE HIM THE ANSWER TO THOSE TREMORS!
BE CAREFUL, TORO!
A SHORT TIME LATER--
WOWIE! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT HOLE! FUNNY, I DON'T SEE TORCH AROUND ANY PLACE!
HI, CASEY--WASN'T TORCH HERE?
YOU BET, TORO--HE BURNED INTO THE GROUND DOWN AT THE BOTTOM THERE! HASN'T COME OUT YET!
HUH--THANKS! I'LL GO SEE WHAT'S DOING!
LET ME KNOW, WILL YOU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL!

TORO FOLLOWS THE PATH LEFT BY TORCH AND FINALLY . . .
OH-HO! I GET IT NOW! A NAZI CONTRAPTION THAT BORES THROUGH THE EARTH AND ... BUT WHERE'S TORCH? HE'S BEEN HERE ALL RIGHT - - THAT MACHINE LOOKS LIKE SWISS CHEESE!
BUT, AROUND IN FRONT OF THE MOLE, TORCH STANDS FACE TO FACE WITH A HORRIBLE DEATH!
YOU HAFF NOT DONE SO MUCH DAMAGE TO OUR MOLE AS YOU HOPED, TORCH -- SOON, VE VILL BORE RIGHT THROUGH YOU! AND, YOUR FLAME CANNOT MELT DER TEMPERED STEEL OF DER MOLE'S NOSE!
BUT, TORO HAS SEEN AND - - -
FAST FIREBALLS - - I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THEY'RE GETTING BACK INTO THE MACHINE NOW!
HOLD ON, TORCH, I'M COMING! IF I FLAME WITH YOU, WE CAN MELT ANYTHING!
TORO FLAMES INTO POSITION AS THE MOLE INCHES CLOSER TO TORCH!
COME ON, GET HOT! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
LOOK OUT, TORO-- YOU'LL BE KILLED!
STOP WASTING TIME--FLAME!
OKAY--MAYBE TOGETHER WE CAN GENERATE ENOUGH HEAT!

TORO WAS RIGHT - - THEIR COMBINED FLAMES MELT EVEN THE TEMPERED STEEL MADE TO WITHSTAND TERRIFIC FIRES.
YACH - - HE'S BACK!
COME ON IN, TORO, AND MEET MY NICE PALS!
I'LL GIVE 'EM A WARM GREETING!
RUN - - RUN! VE MUST GET AVAY! DEY ROAST US ALIVE!
IMAGINE TRYING TO OUTRUN A FIREBALL, TORCH! WHY, THOSE NUTS MUST BE CRAZY!
TORCH AND TORO SOON CORNER THE NAZIS
WE'VE GOT 'EM NOW, TORCH - - WHAT'LL WE DO TO THEM?
FIRST THING IS TO STOP THIS MECHANICAL MOLE! IT'S RUNNING WILD!
PLEASE - - NO MORE FIRE!
MINUTES LATER, SOMEWHERE IN THE BRONX...
SAINTS PRESERVE US - - WHERE DID..? WHAT IS ... WELL, WHAT IS IT?
TORCH AND TORO!! WHERE DID THIS THING COME FROM? WHO ARE THESE MEN?
NAZIS, OFFICER - - YOU TAKE THEM IN TOW FROM HERE!
THIS THING WAS CAPABLE OF DESTROYING NEW YORK!
TORCH AND TORO SEE THE NAZIS SAFELY IN JAIL THEN START FOR HOME.
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GO SEE PROFESSOR RADIN AND TELL HIM THAT THE MOLE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EARTH TREMORS HE NOTED!
GOOD IDEA, TORCH - - I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
TORO EXPLAINS HIS STRANGE ADVENTURE TO THE PROFESSOR AND GLORIA ...
TORO! DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE YOU DID ALL OF THAT BY YOURSELF? WELL, I WON'T! SO YOU CAN STOP SHOWING OFF!
BUT - - BUT ... AW! WHAT'S THE USE? I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WOMEN!
THE END.

LANDLUBBER AT SEA

THE "Sunrise" plowed her way slowly westward. The choppy North Atlantic waters rolled and pitched her as she made her way stubbornly through the mountainous seas, getting ever deeper into the dangerous territory known to be patroled by the deadly German raider now on the loose. The battleship had accounted for many of the wrecks now on the bottom of the ocean and, unless sunk, would get many more.

Captain Fletcher was pacing the deck, more nervous than ever. He was a big man, a veteran of many years at sea. Sharp blue eyes peered from beneath bushy brows. He had a weather-beaten, tanned face, strong in every line, yet suggesting a kindness which the captain never showed. He stopped by the rail and waited for the first mate to get nearer to him.

"Arnett," he called. The other man stopped and saw the captain, then came up to him.

"Yes, sir? Do you want to see me?" Arnett was a contrast in nerves to the captain. Quiet, calm, efficient, he moved about the ship easily and surely, not at all worried about the ship's present route.

"Arnett, what do you make of this trip? It's unusual to be sent along this route now, let alone without convoy or protection of any sort."

"I don't know what to make of it, sir. But you got sealed orders which you were to open at sea, sir. Didn't they tell you?"

"Not very much, Arnett. They just said to continue to our destination with our cargo and to expect any developments, and—" he paused for a moment. "Also, we were to obey any orders coming from any British officer of the law. I can't understand that."

"That's really odd, sir. But I don't believe that the office would give us any orders which had no purpose in them. Do you?"

The captain chewed on his lip thoughtfully for a moment, then smiled hopefully, seemed a bit more relieved, and answered, "You're right, Arnett; the thing to do is to carry on and just await developments."

THEY were suddenly interrupted by the chief engineer of the boiler room.

"Sir, I'm having a little trouble with one engine, and I'm afraid we'll have to cut down on the speed until I can repair it." The captain's nervousness returned to him suddenly.

"Blast it!" The emotion left him as quickly as it had come, and he added, "Well, let's go down and have a look at it. Nothing we can do but fix it." They went down the hatchway and the first mate smiled after them. He didn't know why the captain was worried. This was just another routine trip.

Arnett went into the radio room and visited the new radio operator they'd assigned to the ship at port. George Hanson was his name. He had a large picture of his wife sitting up on the shelf. A lovely woman, Arnett decided. He looked at the new addition to the ship's crew. The man was very good looking and suave, he thought. Nothing like the usual operators they had on the ship.

"How is everything with you, Hanson?" Arnett asked him.

"Arnett, I have something to tell you and the captain. "I'd like to have him here, too, so I can tell you both. Could you get him?"

It was an odd request, but Arnett went out and fetched the captain hurriedly. When they were both there Hanson began:

"Gentlemen, I have to show your who I am first, so that you'll have more trust in what happens tomorrow." He reached into his pocket and pulled out some papers, which he handed to them. The captain was the first to speak:

"But you're just a—a landlubber. I take it you've never been on a ship before."

"That's right, captain," Hanson answered him. "I'm a secret service policeman, and I learned radio especially for this job. One who could send and receive code was needed for this job." The radio suddenly cut in on the conversation, and Hanson sat down and tapped out an answering message. For the next few minutes he took down the message they were sending him while the other two men watched silently. Then he got up and looked at them wisely.

"Tomorrow, captain, we can expect a visit from the German raider. We're supposedly carrying a cargo of gold worth millions of dollars, and it's a prize worth capturing, the Germans think. The usual policy of the raiders is to set the captives adrift, as they don't make port for months and have no room for prisoners. We'll hope for that policy to continue. That's all I can tell you, captain. Tomorrow will tell."

THE prophecy was fulfilled the following evening. The sun had just sunk into the sea, but darkness would be still a while in coming, when the raider loomed on the far horizon. She was big and black, and deadly. The captain came running over to Hanson.

"Hanson, it's the raider. Shall we—" He was cut short by the other.

"Captain, let things resume their normal course as if we never expected to see them. It'll work out." The captain looked at him doubtfully, but accepted his judgment and walked toward the bridge. The raider came closer and the first shell came zooming over the bow, perilously close, then another, just as close. The men on the "Sunrise" were jittery and were eager to fight with the small deck guns they had, but the captain forbade it.

"Men, it's no use putting up a useless fight. Let's see what she wants."

The raider had come alongside, and German sailors were lining the decks, ready to quell any uprising. The German captain was getting ready to come aboard with six of his men. They lowered a boat into the angry sea and came over to the freighter.

The German swaggered before Captain Fletcher. "Ach! You are wise to surrender. At least you have your lives now." He laughed meaningly at this. Then he added: "Captain, I want you and your men to make ready to abandon this ship. I am going to let you go. I want the cargo the ship carries."

"But there is nothing of value in our car—"

"Quiet, fool!" the Nazi snapped. Then he added, "Our spy system learned of the tremendous shipment of gold you are carrying, and we shall have it. Come! Prepare to leave the ship!"

Hanson approached the German.

"Herr Commandant." The man looked at him.

"What is it you wish?"

"There is one thing that is dear to me. I have a picture of my wife in the radio room. It has a place in my heart that nothing could replace. May I get it?"

"Sentimental fool!" Then he addressed a German sailor. "Go with him, Hans, and see that he gets only the picture." The sailor followed George into the room and out again a moment ltaer. The picture was in Hanson's hand and he was smiling happily. They lowered two boats and pulled away from the ships a moment after, as the raider fastened itself to the freighter, in order to unload the cargo.

AS THEY pulled away in the boats they could see the Nazi sailors carrying the boxes from the "Sunrise" to the raider. Then Hanson spoke:

"It shouldn't be very long before we see some real action, now, men. Let's row a little faster and get some distance between us."

"Hanson, just what's going to happen? Arnett and I've been wondering since last night."

"Watch the ships," Hanson answered him. "You'll see in a moment, captain."

The ships were growing smaller in the distance as they were rowing away. Suddenly the heavens were split with a terrific explosion, and flames shot high into the air. The concussion flattened the men in the boats, and for several minutes more flames and explosions followed the first. Gradually the light lessened and the flames licked away at what had once been two proud ships, freely sailing the seas. A short time later nothing was left. The two hulls sank beneath the surface with a hiss the men could hear over the quiet waters.

"Kind of gets you, doesn't it?" They all looked at Hanson. "Don't worry, men. There'll be ships looking for us tomorrow morning at this approximate location. British Intelligence let out the news that this ship was loaded with gold and diamonds, but at port they loaded the hull of the ship with T.N.T. I started the fuse with a button back of the picture I've got. Picture of a girl I've never seen. Some spy system they've got, isn't it, captain?" The captain looked at him with a new light in his eyes.

"And you just a landlubber," he said. "Just a landlubber at sea."

THE END

The DESTROYER
IN
JAP JUGGERNAUT
...AIR RAID OVER BERLIN! AGAIN THE MIGHTY ALLIED ARMADAS SWEEP OVER THE DOOMED CITY DROPPING THEIR LETHAL LOAD!
...AND ONCE AGAIN THE BLACK AND DYING HEART OF NAZISM IS HEAPED WITH RUBBLE AND DES-DESOLATION!
AND WHEN THE POUNDING IS OVER... A LONE FIGURE SURVEYS THE DESTRUCTION WITH A SPECULATING EYE.....
GERMANY IS BEING WELL TAKEN CARE OF...THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT FOR ME TO SABOTAGE!

SO I THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO SHIFT OPERATIONS.... FROM THE WOLF TO THE SNAKE.... FROM GERMANY TO JAPAN...
...AND "DESTROYER" PICKS HIS WAY TO A HIDDEN CELLAR...
I'LL INFORM MY FRIENDS OF THE GERMAN UNDERGROUND OF MY DECISION!
YOU HAVE DONE GREAT WORK HERE AGAINST THE NAZIS, DESTROYER, WE'LL CARRY ON WHERE YOU LEFT OFF! GOOD LUCK IN JAPAN!
THANK'S BUT I DON'T YET KNOW HOW I'LL GET THERE!
I THINK I KNOW A WAY! THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND IS SENDING AN APPEAL TO TOKIO FOR MORE PLANES! THE PLANE WITH THE MESSAGE WILL LEAVE THE DAHNHOF AIRPORT IN AN HOUR!
AH! I'LL BE THERE!
....LATER, AT THE AIRPORT..
ACHTUNG! DELIVER DIS MESSAGE TO DER JAPANESE GRAND COUNCIL IN TOKIO! DO NOT FAIL!
JAWOHL, HERR GENERAL!
NOW TO... OOPS! A GUARD!
DONNERVETTER, --A SPY! YOU--- SCHVEIN--
BACK TO YOUR SAUERKRAUT!
UGH!
CRACK
NO ONE ELSE SAW ME SO HERE GOES FOR TOKIO, AS A STOWAWAY!

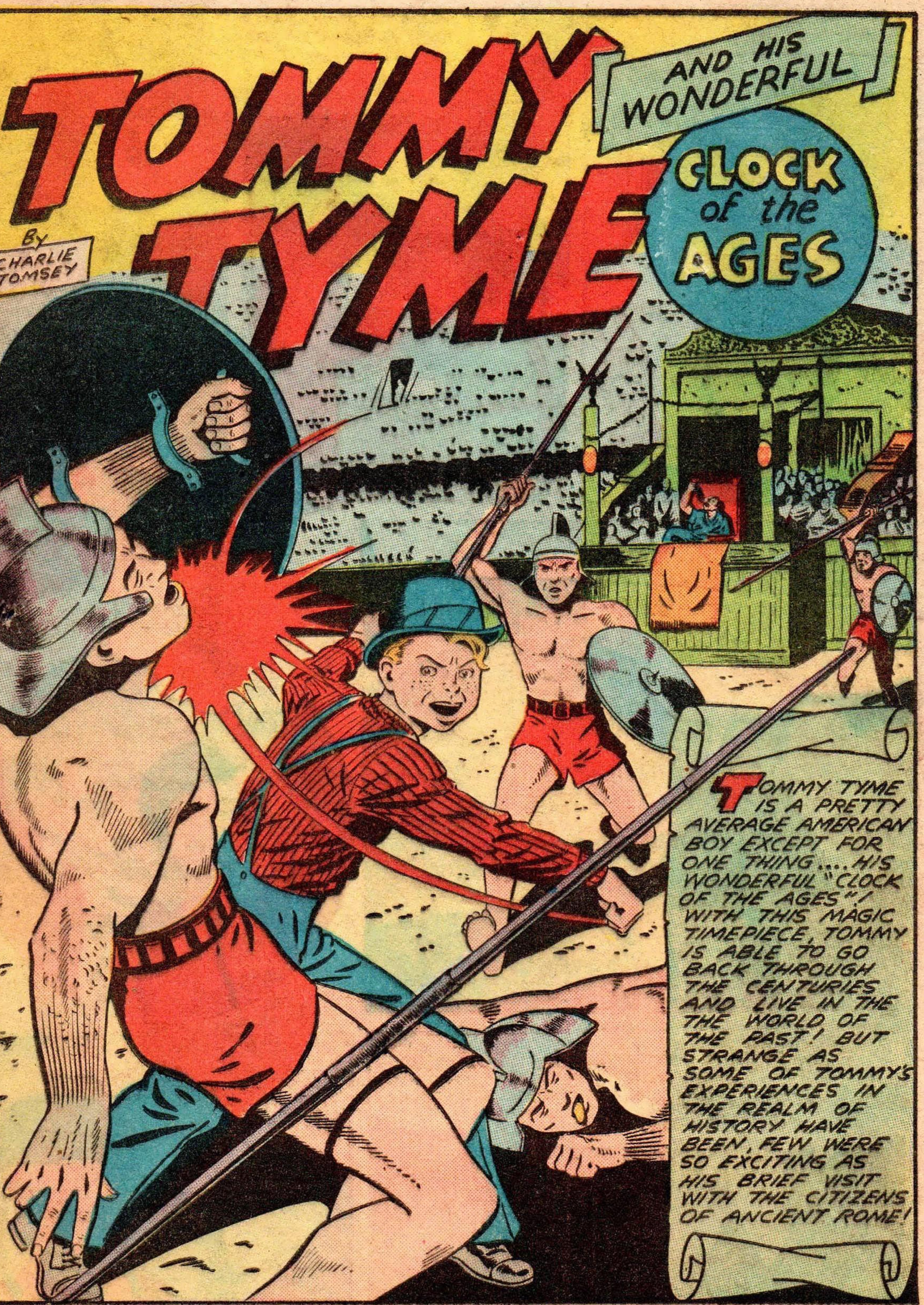
..THE PLANE STARTS ITS LONG TOURNEY..
..OVER GERMANY IT DRONES..ON..OVER NORTHERN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.....
VE VILL SOON BRING DER PLANE DOWN IN TOKIO!
SAYS YOU!
DER VERDAMMTE DESTROYER!
YES! AND I'M TAKING OVER HERE AND NOW!
NEIN! I'M A CRACK SHOT!
AND I'M A CRACK DUCKER!
NOT TO MENTION A CRACK CHIN CRACKER!
AND HOW I'M ACHING TO TRY A FEW JAP CHINS FOR A CHANGE!
HOW NICE OF THEM TO FURNISH ME WITH THIS NICE LONG RANGE PLANE, AND NOW I'LL TAKE IT INTO TOKIO!
3

AND SO THE "DESTROYER"...THE GREATEST SINGLE ENEMY OF THE AXIS CALMLY LANDS UNCHALLENGED IN THE HEART OF JAPAN.....
RADIO INFORMED US... A SPECIAL PLANE FROM THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND!
WELCOME PLEASE!
A BOILING FURY PLUNGES FROM THE PLANE AND RAMS ITS WAY THROUGH THE NIP WELCOME COMMITTEE!
THANKS!
WHA..?
Aiii!
WHAT HAPPEN? TORNADO? EARTHQUAKE?
LOOK! FOUND NOTE INSIDE PLANE, HONORABLE GENERAL!
GREETINGS TOKIO. MIND IF I DROP IN FOR A LONG STAY?
DESTROYER
THE DESTROYER! HE WHO NEARLY DROVE HITLER INSANE! AND NOW HE IS HERE!
LET THEM CHEW THAT FOR A WHILE UNTIL I GET ORGANIZED!

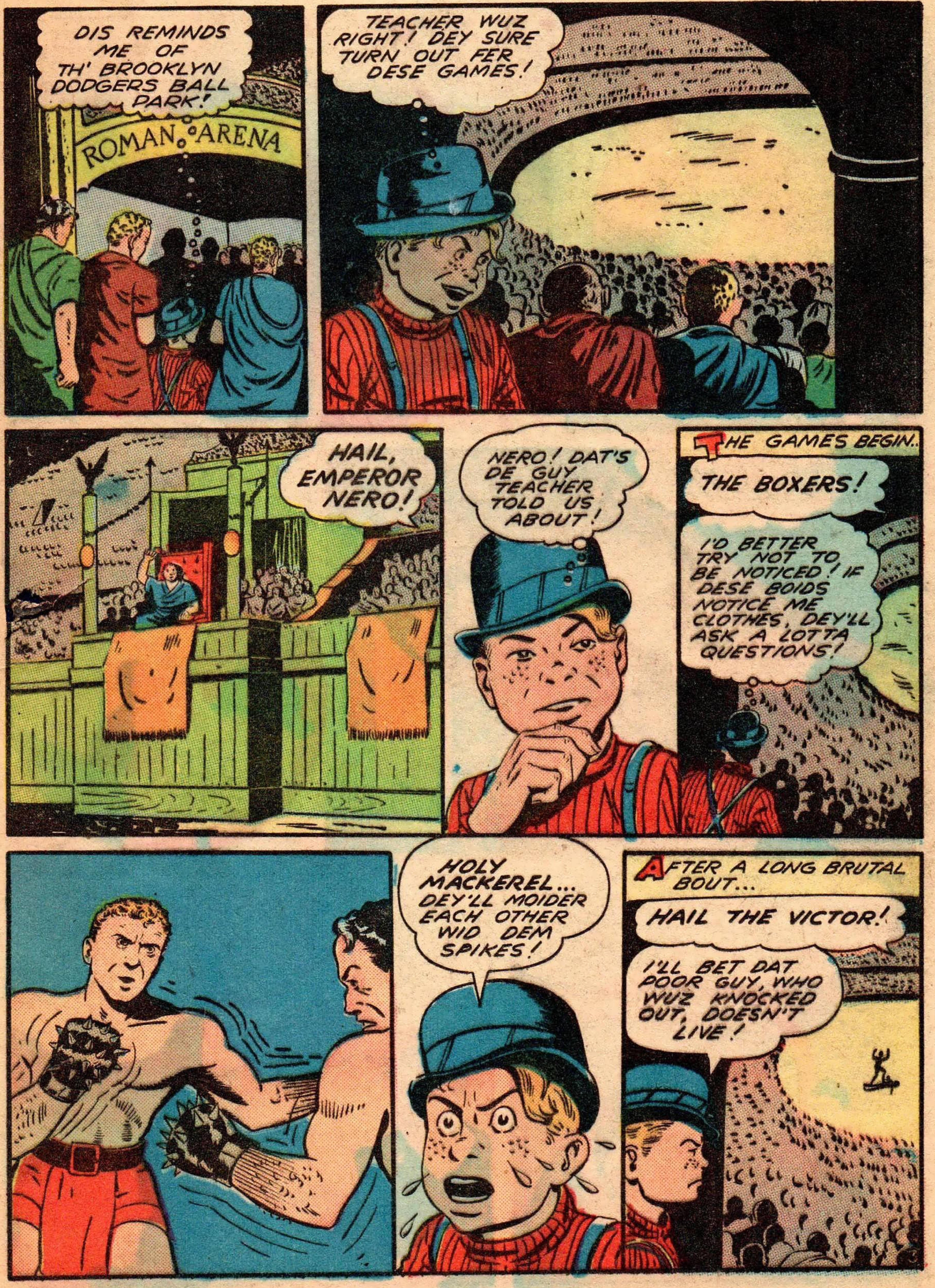
..SO.... MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE.... DESTROYER RUNS INTO THEM..
OH-OH!
HALT PLEASE! YOU ARE HONORABLE PRISONER!
HONORABLE WRONG! HONORABLE NIP!
HELP! MORE GUARDS, MANY MORE!
REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE IN OVERWHELMING NUMBERS AND PILE ON THE MIGHTY BATTLER!
HE STILL FIGHTS?
BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT AND FINALLY.....
HE IS CAPTURED HONORABLE SAKKI, IT TOOK ONLY TWENTY OF US!
GOOD! HOLD HIM!
SO YOU GOT ME! LOOKS LIKE MY NEW CAREER IN TOKIO HAS ENDED THE SAME DAY IT BEGAN... WELL SUCH ARE THE FORTUNES OF WAR! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HAVE ME SHOT ON THE SPOT!
AH NO! I HAVE MORE EXCELLENT IDEA! YOU ARE GREAT FIGHTER... DESTROYER... WE WILL LET YOU FIGHT THE JUGGERNAUT... JAPAN'S NATIONAL CHAMPION! YES, JUGGERNAUT, THE GREAT BONEBREAKER, HA, HA!

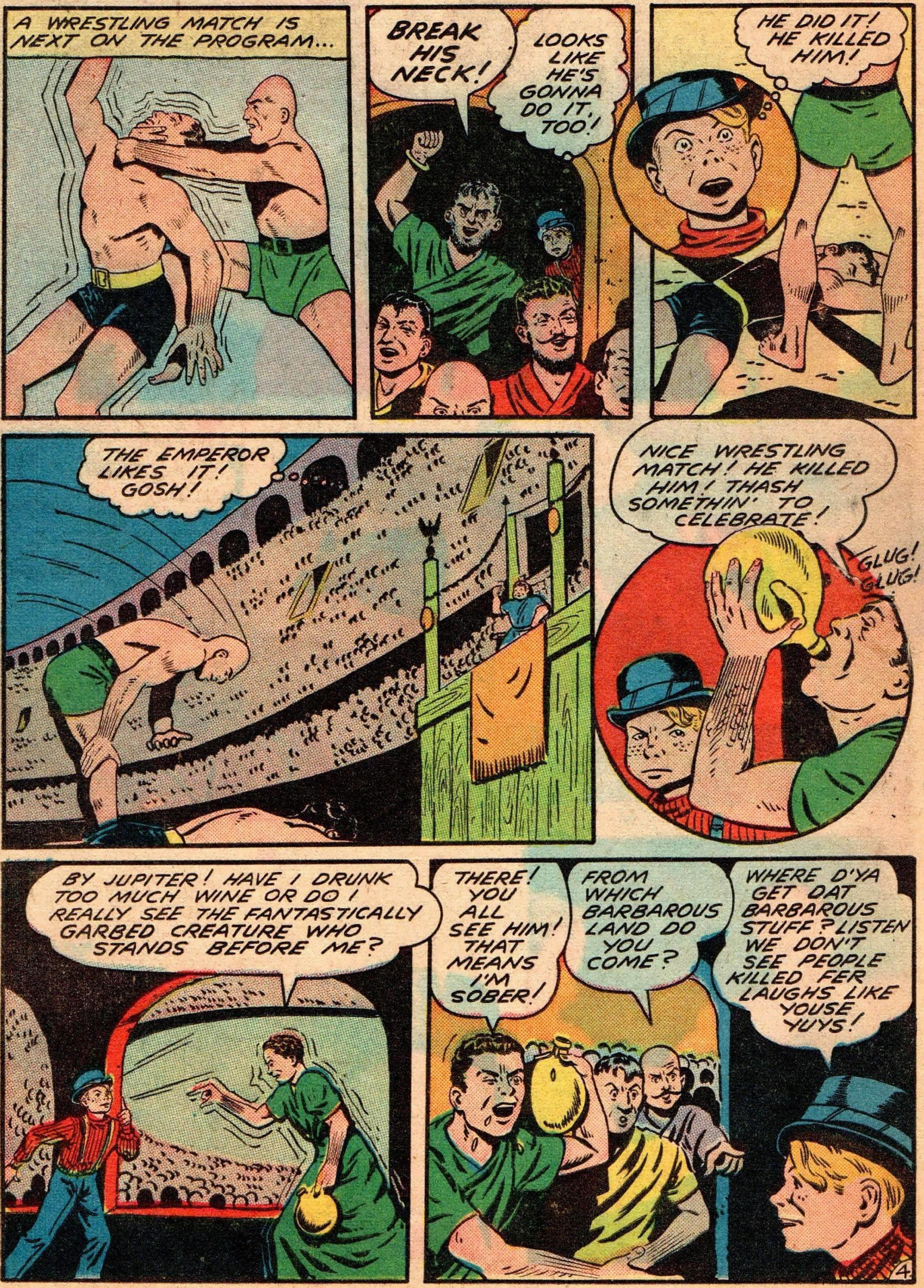
... AND THAT NIGHT IN A GYMNASIUM, DESTROYER IS PITTED IN THE RING AGAINST THE MIGHTY JAP JAGGERNAUT!
NO RULES! FIGHT TO KILL! ALL THAT IS FOUL IS FAIR!
DO NOT KILL HIM QUICKLY, BREAK HIS BONES ONE BY ONE! LET HIM KNOW AGONY!
UGH!
STUPID IDIOT!
OH! THAT WAS A DIRTY ONE!
AND SO THE BRUTAL FIGHT PROGRESSES WITH THE MERCILESS JAP USING EVERY FOUL AND VICIOUS TRICK!
OOF! GASP!
DESTROYERS ONLY DEFENSE AGAINST THE GIANTS JU-JITSU, IS HIS SKILL IN BOXING!
PAH! I FELT NOTHING!
I CRUSH YOU LIKE INSIGNIFICANT WORM!
GASP! GOT TO CONSERVE MY STRENGHTH TO WEAR THIS MAN MONSTER DOWN!
... AND THE BATTLE CONTINUES FOR HOUR AFTER HOUR... BRUTE POWER AGAINST WIRY SKILL...
NOW YOU DOWN FOR GOOD!

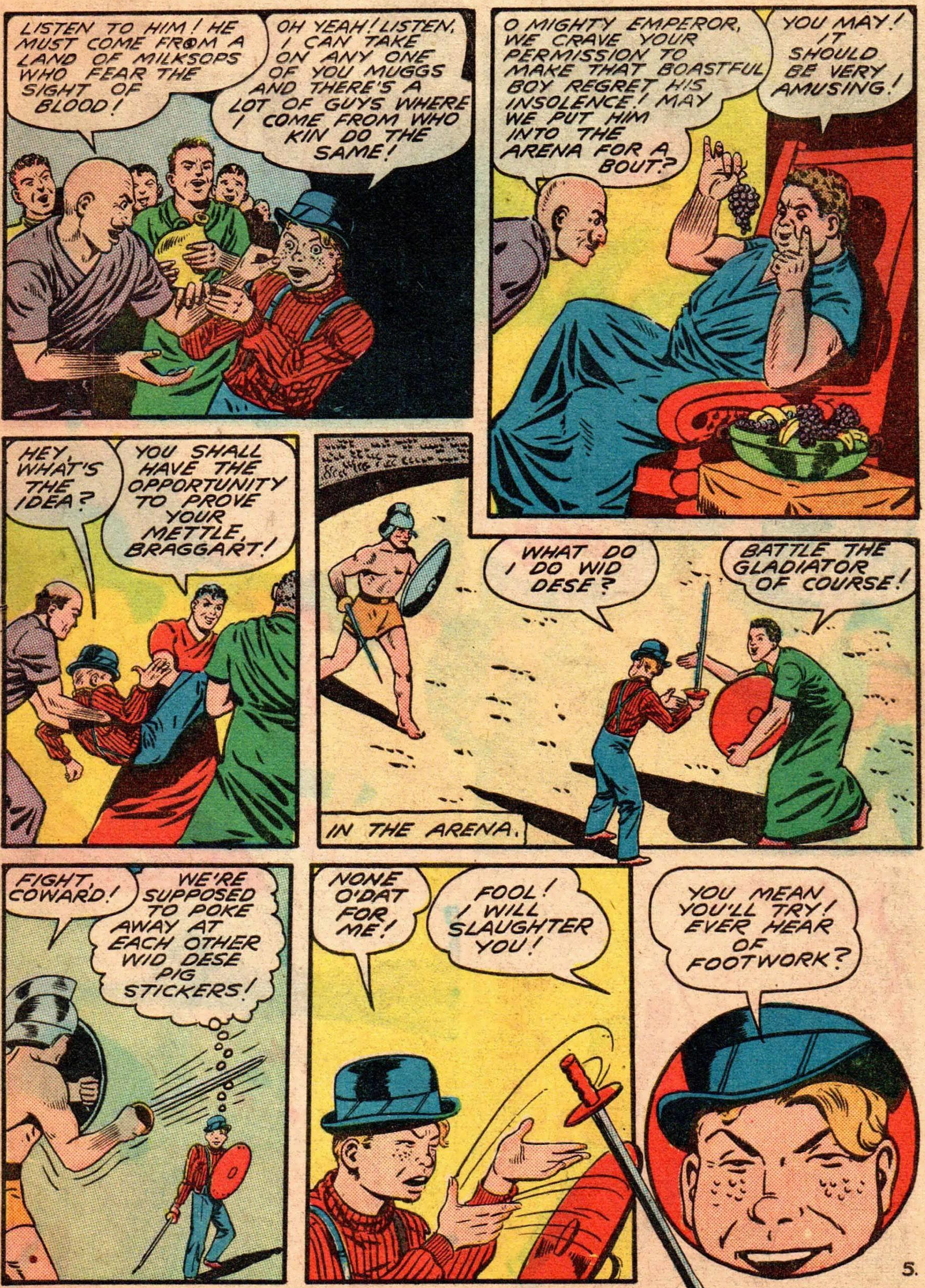
(GASP) GUESS AGAIN JUMBO!
OOFA!
NOW IS THE TIME JAGGERNAUT! HE CAN HARDLY LIFT HIS ARMS! KILL HIM! NOW! NOW!
... BUT SUDDENLY STRAIGHTENING UP.... THE LIGHTER, TIGERISH FORM OF THE DESTROYER, LASHES OUT WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS STRAINED MUSCLES!
AAii
CRACK
HORRORS! DEAD! HIS NECK BROKEN! I'LL SHOOT THIS FRIGHTFUL DESTROYER!
HERE! PLAY WITH THIS, GENERAL SAKKI!
THAT WAS A TIGHT SQUEEZE!
I'M AT LARGE IN JAPAN NOW! I'LL KILL, DESTROY AND SABOTAGE AS I DID IN GERMANY! YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN!
THE END

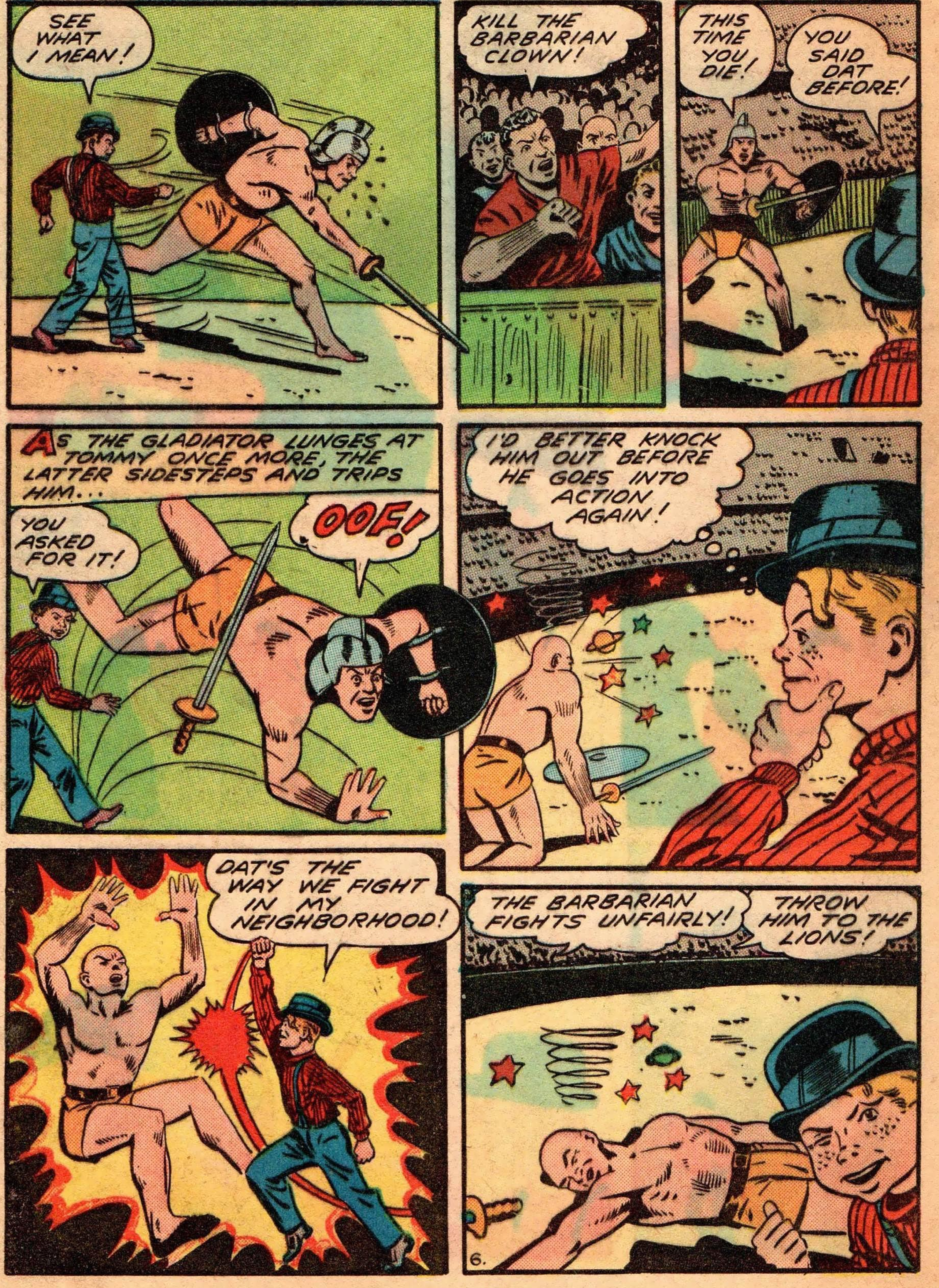

TOMMY TYME
AND HIS WONDERFUL
CLOCK of the AGES
By CHARLIE TOMSEY
TOMMY TYME IS A PRETTY AVERAGE AMERICAN BOY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.... HIS WONDERFUL "CLOCK OF THE AGES"! WITH THIS MAGIC TIMEPIECE, TOMMY IS ABLE TO GO BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES AND LIVE IN THE THE WORLD OF THE PAST! BUT STRANGE AS SOME OF TOMMY'S EXPERIENCES IN THE REALM OF HISTORY HAVE BEEN, FEW WERE SO EXCITING AS HIS BRIEF VISIT WITH THE CITIZENS OF ANCIENT ROME!

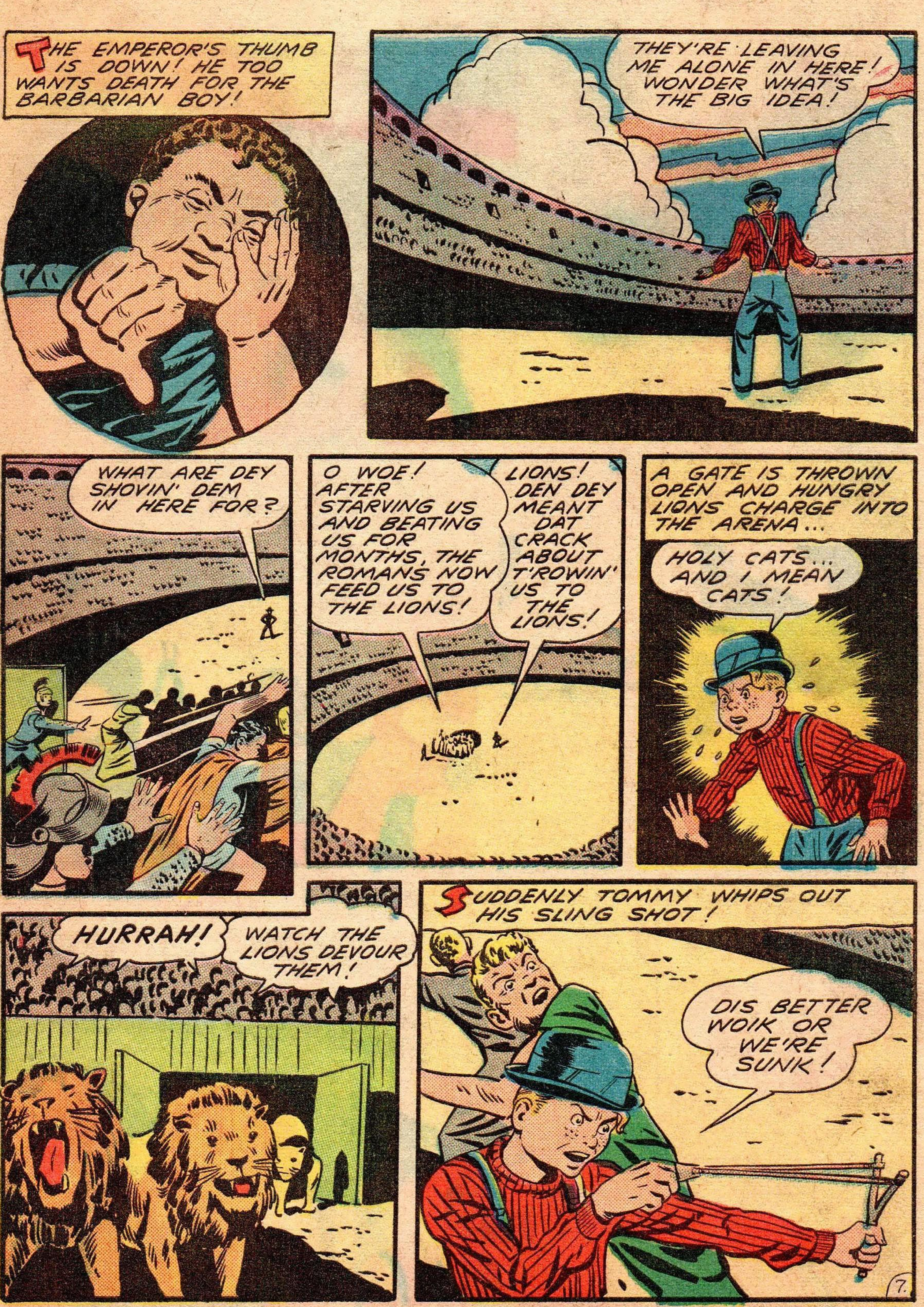
IN TOMMY TYME'S CLASSROOM...
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIRST CENTURY WHEN NERO WAS EMPEROR OF ANCIENT ROME, THE GLADIATORIAL GAMES WERE MORE POPULAR WITH THE ROMAN PEOPLE THAN EVEN BASEBALL IS WITH AMERICANS TODAY!
HISTORY
IN THE GREAT ROMAN ARENA, THE GLADIATORS WOULD FIGHT EACH OTHER, OFTEN TO THE DEATH!
BOY, DEM BABIES SURE MUSTA' BEEN PLENTY TOUGH! I'LL BET DEM FIGHTS WUZ SUMP'N!
COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY LISTEN TO TEACHER TELL ABOUT IT WHEN I KIN GO BACK WID ME "CLOCK OF THE AGES," AND SEE IT FIRST HAND!
TOMMY SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE CITY FILLED WITH STRANGE PEOPLE...
WHAT A GOOFY LOOKIN' PLACE! EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE WEARIN' THEIR BEDSHEETS FER CLOTHES!
DEY ALL SEEM TO BE GOIN' SOME-PLACE IN A HURRY!
THE GLADIATORS SHOULD FIGHT WELL TODAY! THE EMPEROR NERO HAS VOICED HIS DISPLEASURE WITH THEIR LAST PERFORMANCE!
YES, THERE WERE NOT NEARLY ENOUGH GLADIATORS KILLED!
PRETTY BLOODTHIRSTY GUYS! SO WE'RE GOIN' TO SEE THE FIGHTS! WELL, DAT SUITS ME! IT'S WHAT I CAME HERE FOR!
2

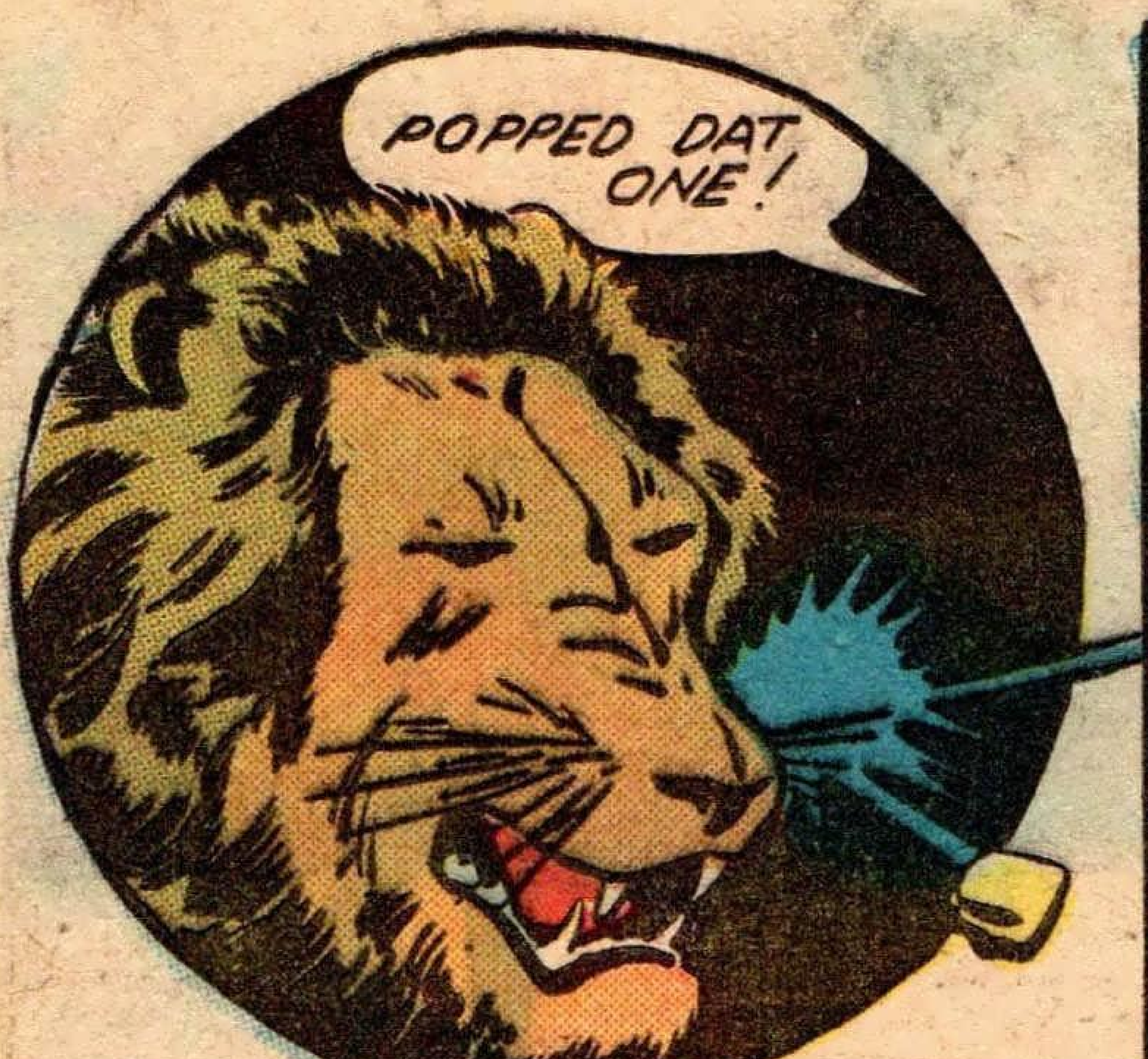

DIS REMINDS ME OF TH' BROOKLYN DODGERS BALL PARK!
ROMAN ARENA
TEACHER WUZ RIGHT! DEY SURE TURN OUT FER DESE GAMES!
HAIL, EMPEROR NERO!
NERO! DAT'S DE GUY TEACHER TOLD US ABOUT!
THE GAMES BEGIN..
THE BOXERS!
I'D BETTER TRY NOT TO BE NOTICED! IF DESE BOIDS NOTICE ME CLOTHES, DEY'LL ASK A LOTTA QUESTIONS!
HOLY MACKEREL... DEY'LL MOIDER EACH OTHER WID DEM SPIKES!
AFTER A LONG BRUTAL BOUT...
HAIL THE VICTOR!
I'LL BET DAT POOR GUY, WHO WUZ KNOCKED OUT, DOESN'T LIVE!

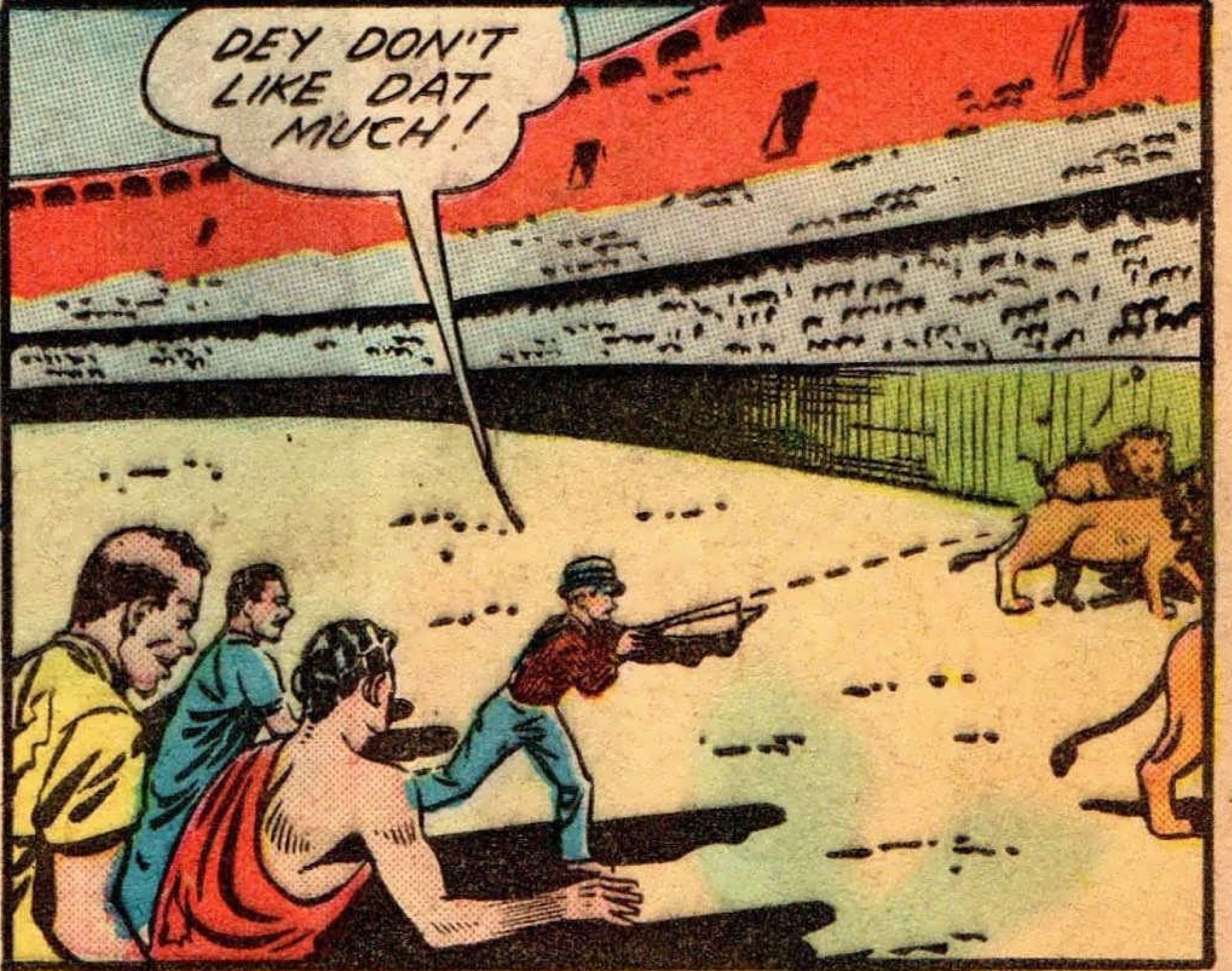

A WRESTLING MATCH IS NEXT ON THE PROGRAM...
BREAK HIS NECK!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA DO IT, TOO!
HE DID IT! HE KILLED HIM!
THE EMPEROR LIKES IT! GOSH!
NICE WRESTLING MATCH! HE KILLED HIM! THASH SOMETHIN' TO CELEBRATE!
GLUG! GLUG!
BY JUPITER! HAVE I DRUNK TOO MUCH WINE OR DO I REALLY SEE THE FANTASTICALLY GARBED CREATURE WHO STANDS BEFORE ME?
THERE! YOU ALL SEE HIM! THAT MEANS I'M SOBER!
FROM WHICH BARBAROUS LAND DO YOU COME?
WHERE D'YA GET DAT BARBAROUS STUFF? LISTEN WE DON'T SEE PEOPLE KILLED FER LAUGHS LIKE YOUSE YUYS!

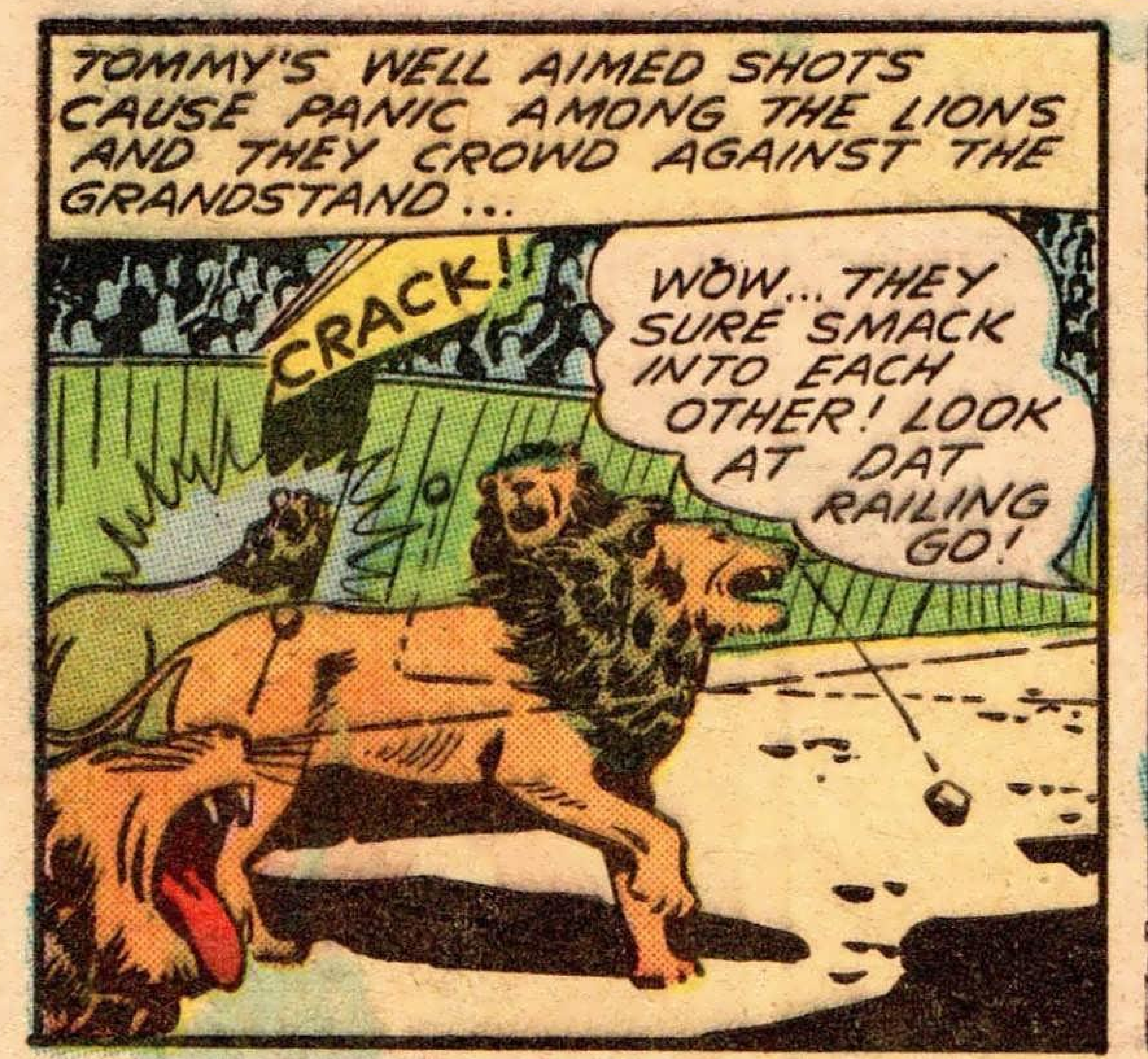

LISTEN TO HIM! HE MUST COME FROM A LAND OF MILKSOPS WHO FEAR THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!
OH YEAH! LISTEN, I CAN TAKE ON ANY ONE OF YOU MUGGS AND THERE'S A LOT OF GUYS WHERE I COME FROM WHO KIN DO THE SAME!
O MIGHTY EMPEROR, WE CRAVE YOUR PERMISSION TO MAKE THAT BOASTFUL BOY REGRET HIS INSOLENCE! MAY WE PUT HIM INTO THE ARENA FOR A BOUT?
YOU MAY! IT SHOULD BE VERY AMUSING!
HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?
YOU SHALL HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE YOUR METTLE, BRAGGART!
WHAT DO I DO WID DESE?
BATTLE THE GLADIATOR OF COURSE!
IN THE ARENA.
FIGHT, COWARD!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO POKE AWAY AT EACH OTHER WID DESE PIG STICKERS!
NONE O'DAT FOR ME!
FOOL! I WILL SLAUGHTER YOU!
YOU MEAN YOU'LL TRY! EVER HEAR OF FOOTWORK?

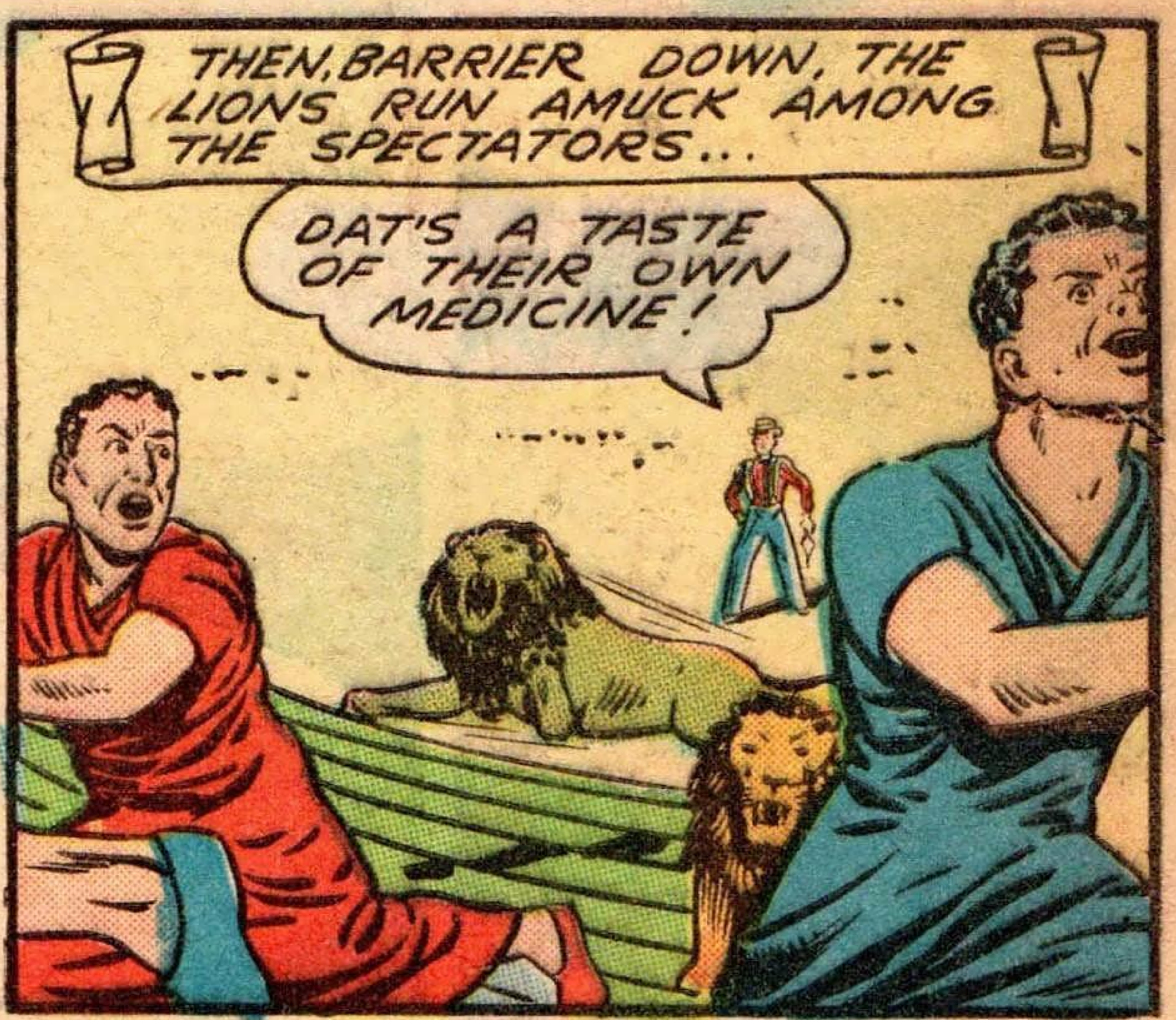

SEE WHAT I MEAN!
KILL THE BARBARIAN CLOWN!
THIS TIME YOU DIE!
YOU SAID DAT BEFORE!
AS THE GLADIATOR LUNGES AT TOMMY ONCE MORE, THE LATTER SIDESTEPS AND TRIPS HIM...
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
OOF!
I'D BETTER KNOCK HIM OUT BEFORE HE GOES INTO ACTION AGAIN!
DAT'S THE WAY WE FIGHT IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD!
THE BARBARIAN FIGHTS UNFAIRLY!
THROW HIM TO THE LIONS!

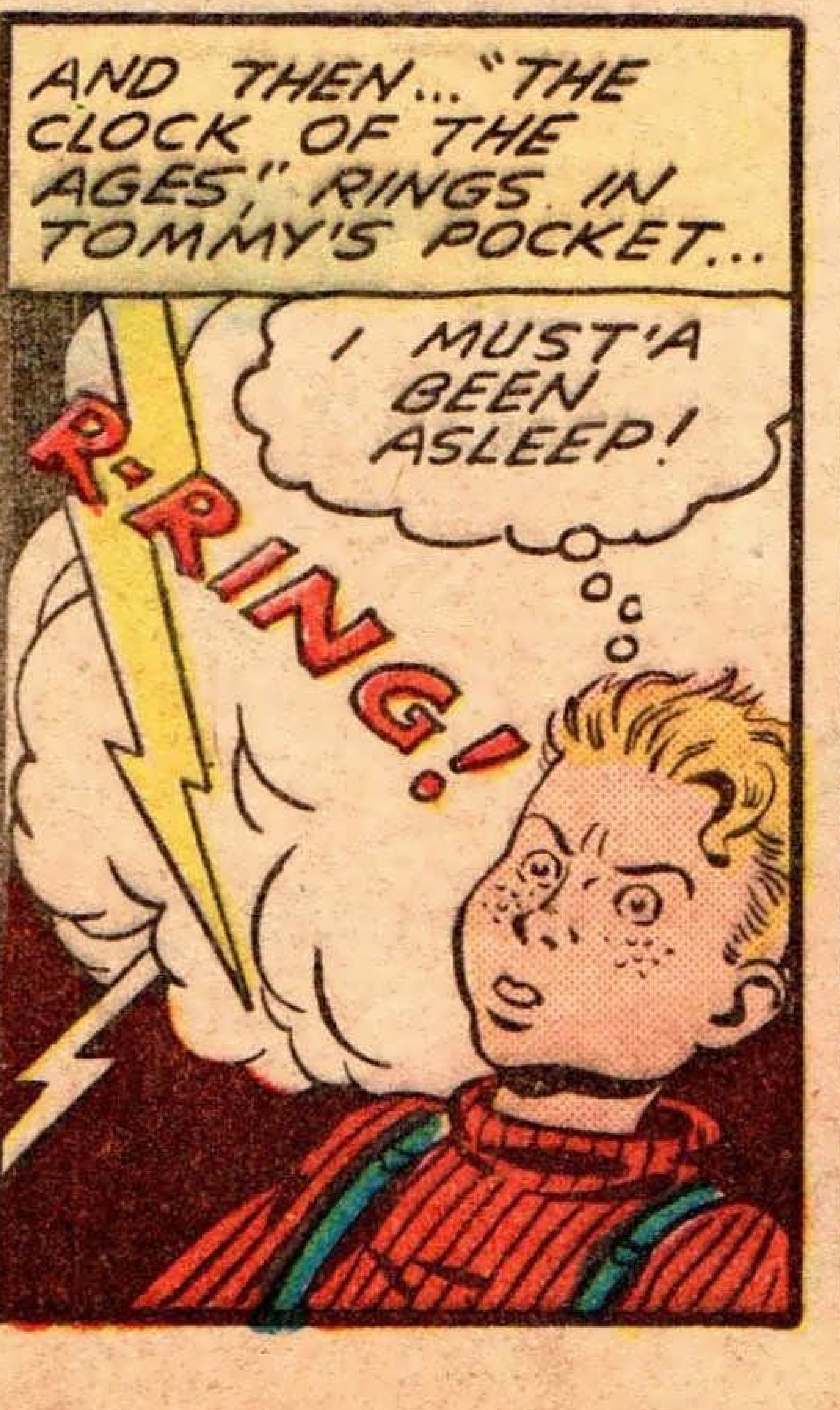

THE EMPEROR'S THUMB IS DOWN! HE TOO WANTS DEATH FOR THE BARBARIAN BOY!
THEY'RE LEAVING ME ALONE IN HERE! WONDER WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA!
WHAT ARE DEY SHOVIN' DEM IN HERE FOR?
O WOE! AFTER STARVING US AND BEATING US FOR MONTHS, THE ROMANS NOW FEED US TO THE LIONS!
LIONS! DEN DEY MEANT DAT CRACK ABOUT T'ROWIN' US TO THE LIONS!
A GATE IS THROWN OPEN AND HUNGRY LIONS CHARGE INTO THE ARENA...
HOLY CATS... AND I MEAN CATS!
HURRAH!
WATCH THE LIONS DEVOUR THEM!
SUDDENLY TOMMY WHIPS OUT HIS SLING SHOT!
DIS BETTER WOIK OR WE'RE SUNK!

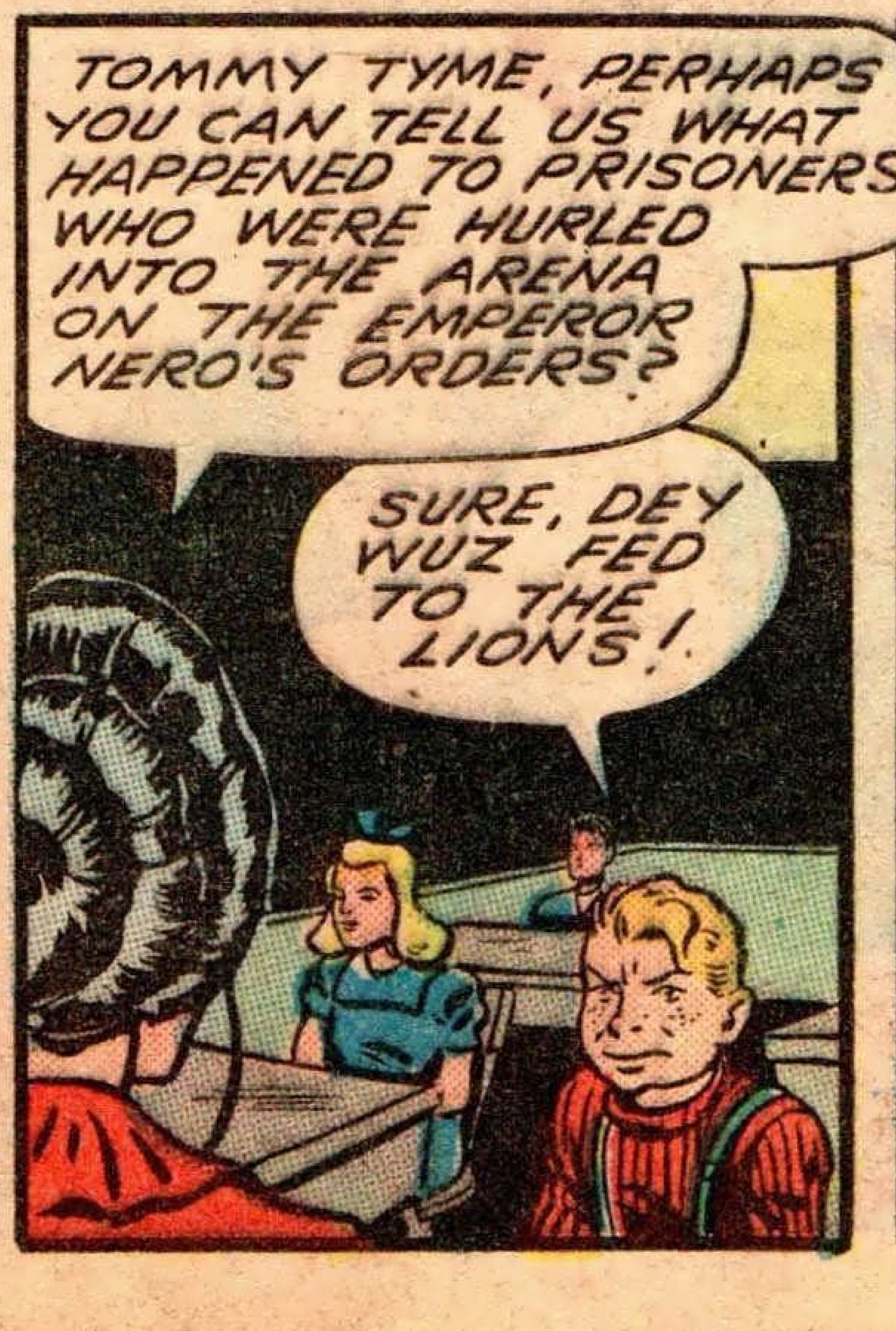

POPPED DAT ONE!

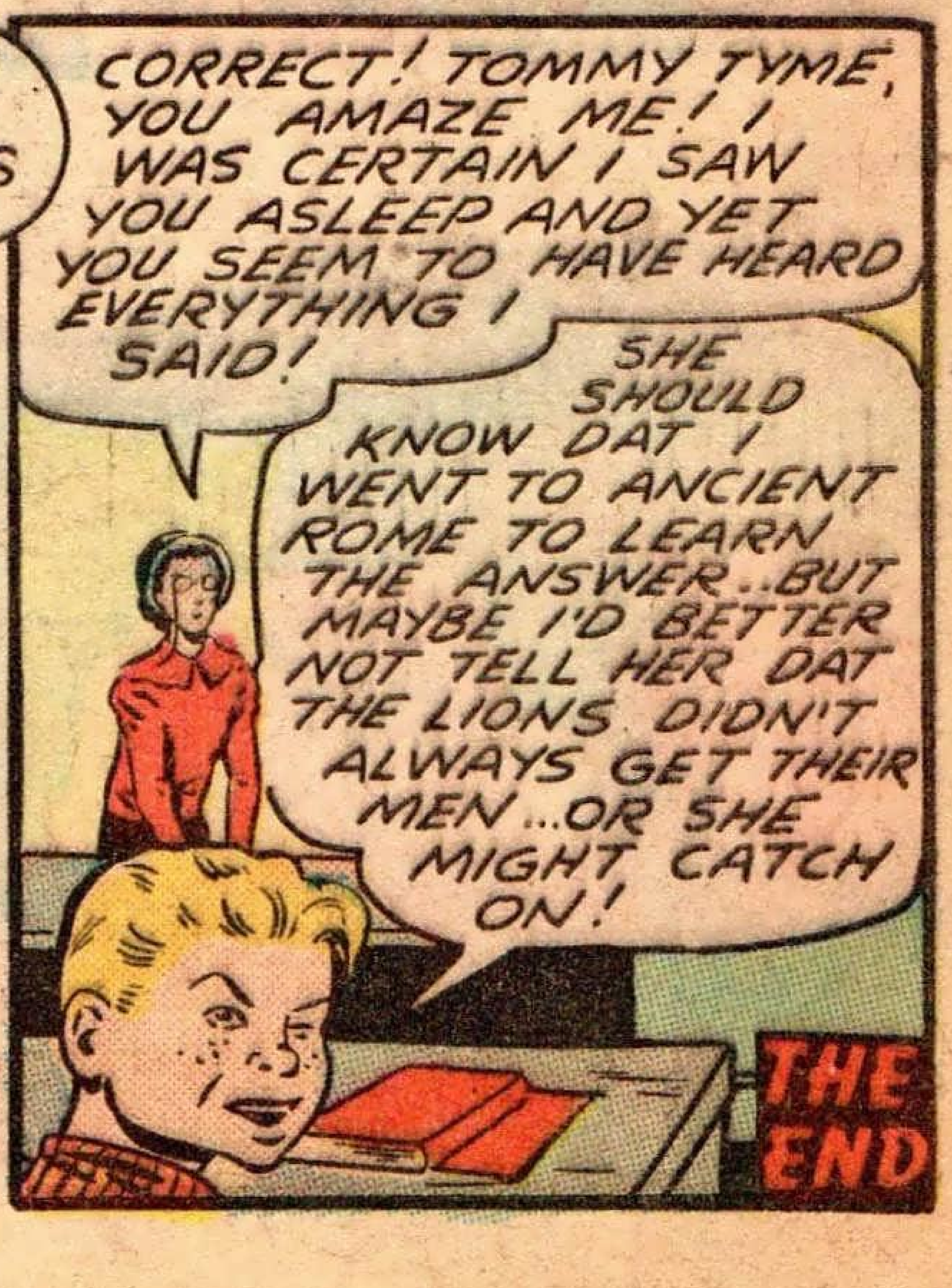

DEY DON'T LIKE DAT MUCH!


TOMMY'S WELL AIMED SHOTS CAUSE PANIC AMONG THE LIONS AND THEY CROWD AGAINST THE GRANDSTAND...
CRACK!
WOW... THEY SURE SMACK INTO EACH OTHER! LOOK AT DAT RAILING GO!


THEN, BARRIER DOWN, THE LIONS RUN AMUCK AMONG THE SPECTATORS...
DAT'S A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!


AND THEN... "THE CLOCK OF THE AGES," RINGS IN TOMMY'S POCKET...
I MUST'A BEEN ASLEEP!
R-RING!


TOMMY TYME, PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL US WHAT HAPPENED TO PRISONERS WHO WERE HURLED INTO THE ARENA ON THE EMPEROR NERO'S ORDERS?
SURE, DEY WUZ FED TO THE LIONS!


CORRECT! TOMMY TYME, YOU AMAZE ME! I WAS CERTAIN I SAW YOU ASLEEP AND YET YOU SEEM TO HAVE HEARD EVERYTHING I SAID!
SHE SHOULD KNOW DAT I WENT TO ANCIENT ROME TO LEARN THE ANSWER..BUT MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT TELL HER DAT THE LIONS DIDN'T ALWAYS GET THEIR MEN...OR SHE MIGHT CATCH ON!
THE END

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
QUEER DUCK, OLD MAN CRANE! NO ONE WOULD EVER CATCH ME LIVING IN THIS CREEPY PLACE! I WOULD DRAW THIS ASSIGNMENT!
PEOPLE SAY THAT ALL HE DOES IS LOOK AT HIS JEWEL COLLECTION ALL DAY!
I WOULDN'T LIVE HERE IF I HAD TO LOOK AT BANANAS THE WHOLE DAY!
SUDDENLY AN EERIE CRY IS HEARD...
WHAT WAS THAT?
COME ON, TERRY... LET'S FIND OUT! I SMELL A STORY!
EEEOWWW!
WATCH OUT FOR CRANE'S DOG, IF YOU WANT TO WALK AWAY FROM HERE WITH YOUR PANTS ON!
THERE'S NO NEED TO---- LOOK!

DEAD! SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD!
STRANGE GOINGS ON! WHAT SAY WE INVESTIGATE?
HMMM..... MYSTERIOUS, HUH?
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, BROTHER!
WHY... THE LATCH IS OPEN!??
LOOKS LIKE THE HOUSE IS DESERTED!
NOBODY HOME! LET'S GO!
SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS IN THE ROOM GO ON....!
WHAT TH--?
CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE?
YES! WE THOUGHT WE HEARD A CRY COMING FROM THIS HOUSE!
SAY, YOU'RE NOT OLD MA-ER-AHEM, MR. CRANE?

I'M HUBER, MR. CRANE'S BUTLER....THE CRY YOU HEARD WAS THAT OF REMUS, THE MASTER'S PET COLLIE, WHICH I HAD TO DESTROY BECAUSE HE HAD CONTRACTED RABIES!
RABIES, EH? COULD WE SPEAK TO MR. CRANE?
ABSOLUTELY NOT! HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE DISTURBED!
I GUESS THAT'S THAT!
SUDDENLY....
DON'T TELL ME THAT WAS ALSO A DOG!
OUTTA MY WAY, BUB!
HELP
GUSTAV, FRITZ! -- COME HERE QUICK!
THIS IS FOR REMUS OUT THERE! YOU SEE ---I LIKE DOGS!
STAND VHERE YOU ARE! VE HAF YOU COVERED!
TRYING TO GET AWAY, EH?

VOT THE?
NO YOU DON'T! WHH--!
AMERICKANER FOOL! YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO **INTERFERE** MIT SOLDIER'S OF DER THIRD REICH!
CRACK!
I'LL HAF YOU KNOW DAT VE ARE NOT TO BE TRIFLED VIT HERR CRANE... UND... **VELL, VOT IS DER INTERRUPTION?**
ZNOOPERS, HERR COLONEL! DEY TRIED TO BREAK INTO DER HOUSE!
ZNOOPERS, EH? GET RID OF DEM!--NO, VAIT! DEY MAY BE OF SOME USE TO US YET! THROW DEM IN DER NEXT ROOM!
JA WOHL, HERR COLONEL!
OOF!
MAYBE NOW YOU WON'T TRESPASS ON PRIVATE PROPERTY! **HA--HA!**
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KID!
UH--I'M OKAY... WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE ARE WE?
YOU WERE BEANED, REMEMBER? WE'RE IN OLD MAN CRANE'S CELLAR, AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THERE IS MUCH CHANCE OF OUR GETTING OUT!
WHAT ABOUT MR. CRANE? IS HE CONNECTED WITH THAT NAZI MOB?
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THEY'RE TRYING TO TORTURE HIM FOR SOME INFORMATION--- **LISTEN!**

I'LL NEVER TALK!--NO **NAZI RAT** SHALL EVER KNOW WHERE MY DIAMONDS ARE!
NAZI RATS, EH--! VON'T TALK, EH! VE SHALL SEE-- TAKE **DIS** AND **DIS**!
UHH... AGH!
VAIT, FRITZ!-- HERR CRANE, UNLESS YOU TURN THE JEWELS OVER TO US IMMEDIATELY, MORE DRASTIC STEPS WILL HAVE TO BE TAKEN!
GO ON, KILL ME IF YOU HAVE TO, BUT I'LL HAVE NO HAND IN AIDING YOUR FILTHY WORK!
ACH! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, HERR CRANE... YOU SHOULD KNOW DAT BY KILLING YOU VE GAIN NOTHING--- BUT DER BOYS IN DER OTHER ROOM.... I SHOULD THINK **YOU** WOULD WANT TO SPARE THEM AN UNTIMELY END!
YOU DON'T DARE! THEY ARE ONLY YOUNGSTERS!
AFTER SLAUGHTERING THOUSANDS OF CIVILIANS IN ROTTERDAM, WARSAW AND KIEV, I **DON'T DARE KILL** TWO MORE?? IT ISS TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS.... BRING DEM OUT, FRITZ!
JA WOHL, COLONEL!
I'LL GIFF YOU EXACTLY ONE MINUTE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND, HERR CRANE... DEN VE SHALL SEE IF I DON'T DARE!
?

IN THE MEANWHILE....
I'VE GOT TO GET HELP TO TERRY AND DEADLINE QUICK... BUT HOW?
I MUST ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION... IF I COULD ONLY SPEAK ENGLISH— **I'VE GOT IT!**
HEY!
THAT DID IT!
TEN MINUTES LATER....
HERE MONKEY, MONKEY!
I'LL GIVE YOU A BANANA!
NOW TO GET THE POLICEMEN INTO THE HOUSE....!
YOUR TIME IS NEARLY--
COLONEL VON BLUZE, A SQUAD OF COPS ARE BREAKING INTO THE HOUSE!
PHEW-AND NOT TOO SOON EITHER!

WHAT TH--? LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!
VE SURRENDER! DON'T SHOOT ANYMORE!
LATER....
COULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
SURE, THEM'S NAZI ESPIONAGE AGENTS!
HERE ON A MISSION TO ROB MR. CRANE'S DIAMOND COLLECTION!
BUT, TERRY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND--WHY SHOULD THEY WANT DIAMONDS WITH THE WEALTH OF EUROPE IN THEIR HANDS?
SIMPLE... TOOL AND DIE MAKING!
TOOL AND DIE MAKING? WHAT'S THAT?
MAYBE I CAN EXPLAIN... DIAMONDS ARE THE HARDEST SUBSTANCE KNOWN--CAPABLE OF CUTTING ANYTHING! INCLUDING THE TOUGHEST STEEL.. GERMANY, WHICH HAS A DIAMOND SHORTAGE, NEEDS THEM IN HER WAR PLANTS--IN ORDER TO CUT STEEL INTO GUNS, PLANES, AND TANKS!
NOW I GET IT! SO THOSE NAZIS WERE SENT HERE TO GET MR. CRANE'S JEWELS!
CORRECT!
WOW! WHAT A YARN!... I CAN JUST SEE THE HEADLINES! SAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MR. CRANE?
I'M GOING TO THE NEAREST GOVERNMENT AGENCY WHERE I CAN EXCHANGE MY PRECIOUS STONES FOR SOMETHING EVEN MORE PRECIOUS-- UNITED STATES WAR BONDS!
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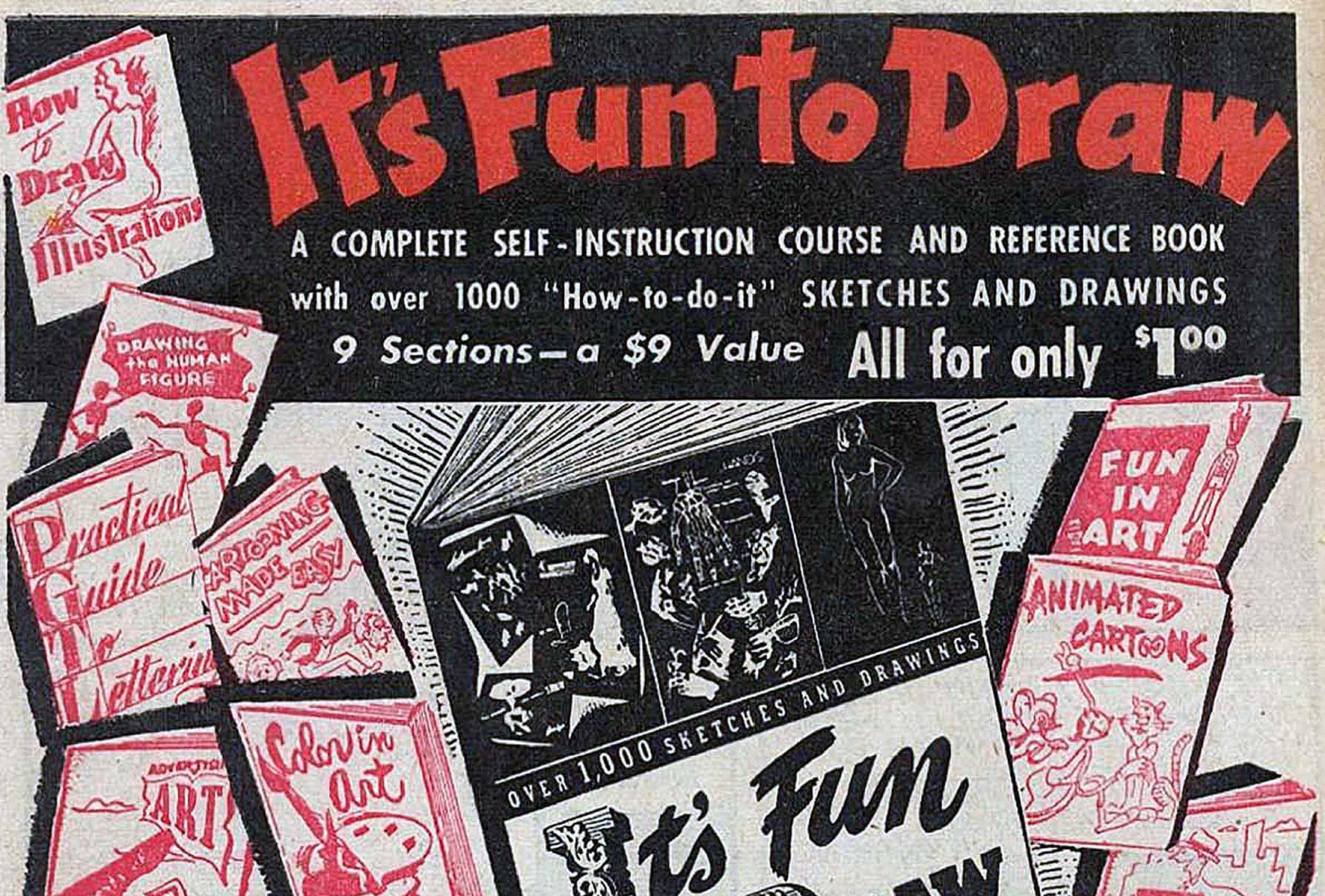

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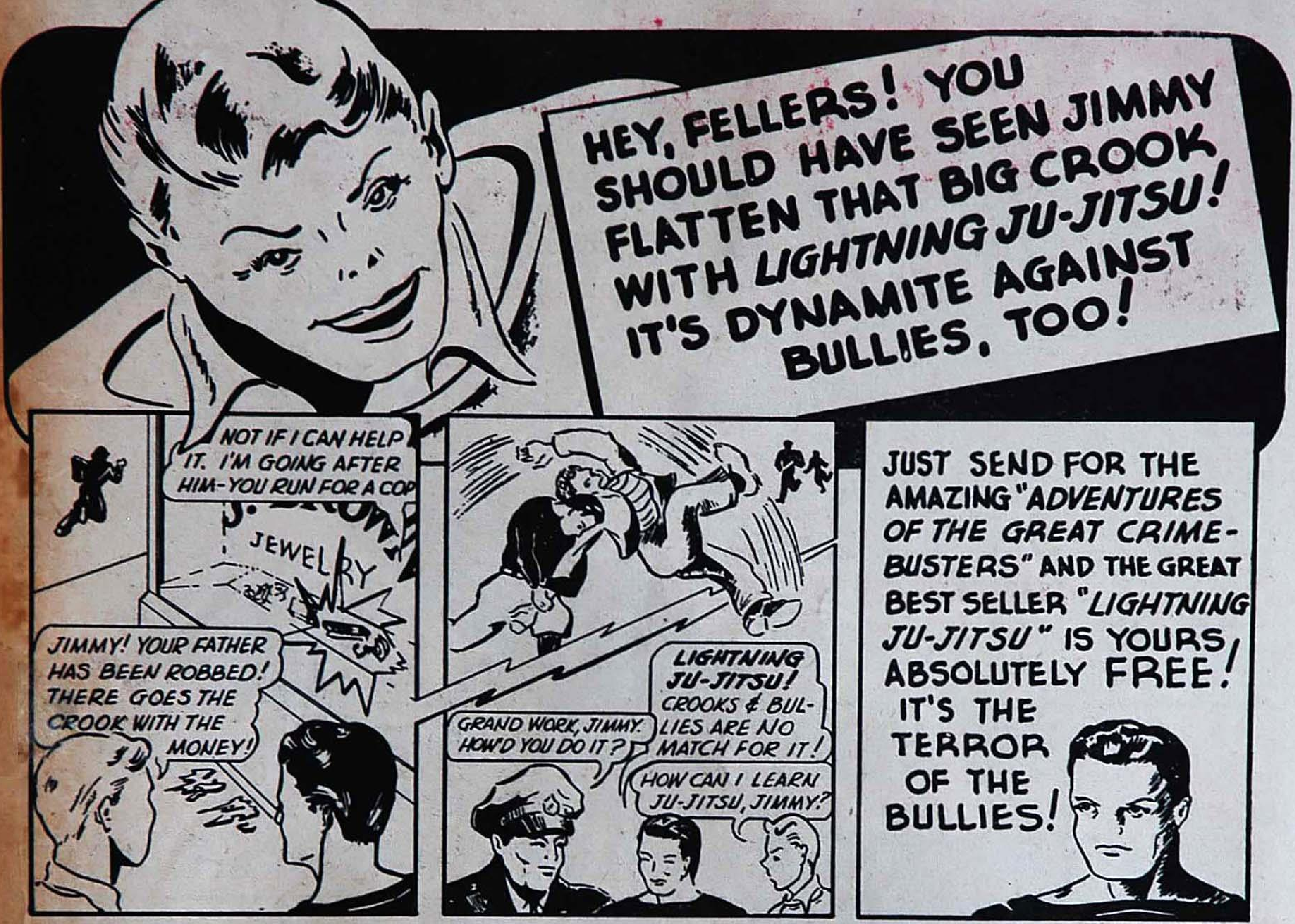
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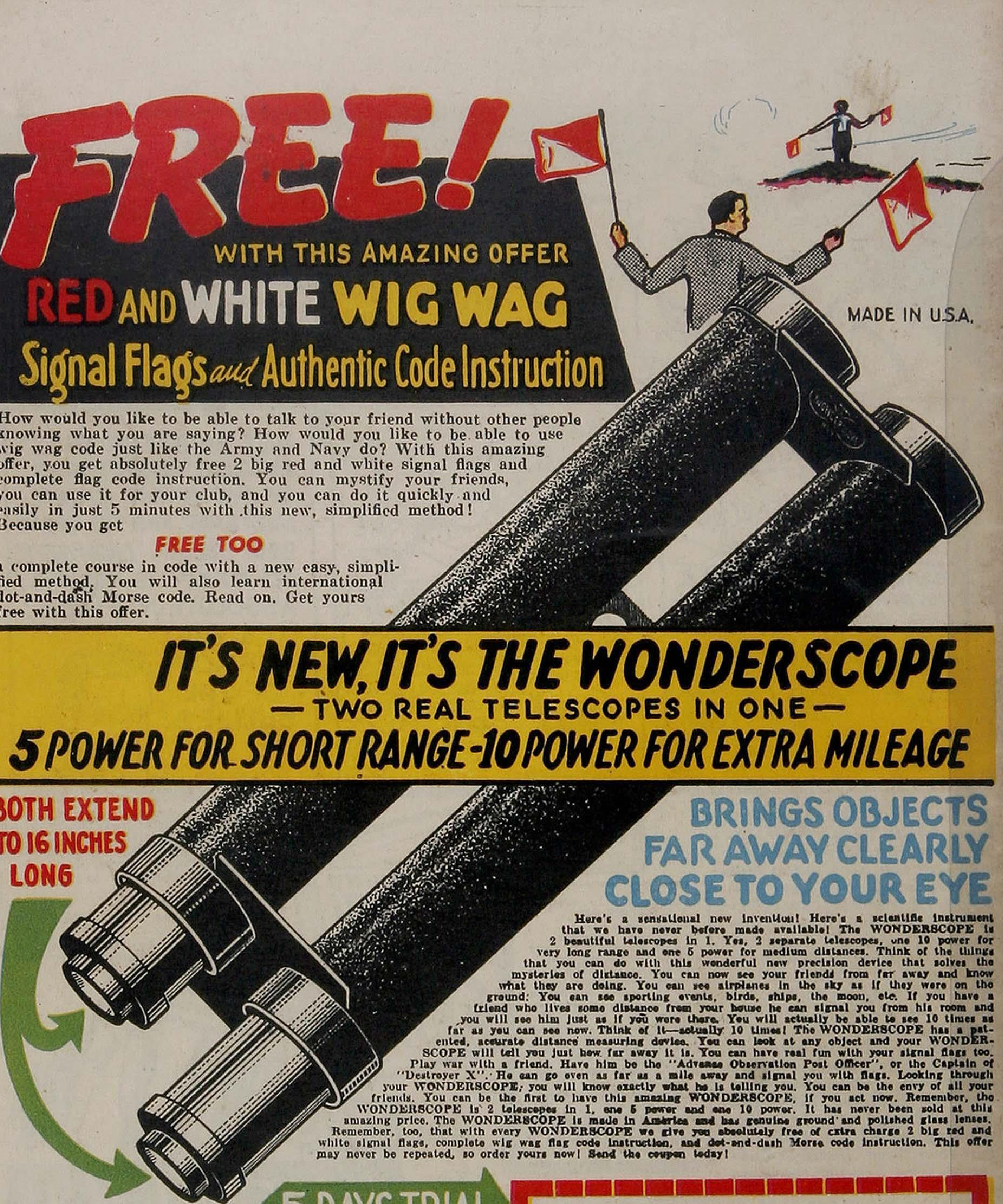

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